

CURTIS  
DISTRIBUTED

JULY - AUGUST

# 4MOST

PED. U.S. PAT. OFF.

52 PAGES  
OF  
SLAM BANG  
ACTION

M  
O  
S  
T

10¢

4  
M  
O  
S  
T



VOL.7 NO.4





[illegible]



# 4-THOUGHTS AND AFTERTHOUGHTS

## THE EDITORS WRITE:

Dear Readers:

Think you'd like to design a cover? We asked Mr. Leonard Cole, who drew our cover this month, how he designed covers. Leonard has been doing magazine artwork for ten years and says he has done about 1000 illustrations and covers.

"The Editors show me the story they want illustrated on the cover," Mr. Cole explained. "Then I draw up two or three water-color sketches. Two usually show action from the plot and one may give the idea and spirit of the story, but not an actual scene. When the Editors make their choice, I do an enlarged drawing in pen and brush. A small reproduction of this is colored as a guide for the engraver. And there's your cover!"

Mr. Cole specializes in drawing horses. "I love horses—they're so graceful for such a large animal," he told us. "I drew my first horse in Kentucky where I went to school, and I've been studying them ever since." Mr. Cole did several water-colors of horses for the N.Y. Graphic Society. He worked on the Elmendorf Farm in Kentucky and used Man o' War as one of the models. Leonard is working now on a series of illustrations of every breed of horse in the world.

Our artist does more than draw horses, however. He is an ex-cavalryman and has three awards for good hands riding gaited horses. He wants it known—he is no relation to Dick or Kingston Cole!

Cordially yours,  
THE EDITORS

## THE READERS WRITE:

Dear Editors:

My mother has kept many comic books from me. She says they are unfit to read. My friend came over with a 4MOST and told her how much his mother appreciated it. My mother then decided to inspect it. On inspecting it, she decided never to keep it from me. Although she does not like to admit it, she enjoys them herself.

Sincerely,  
Sam Pisano  
Sunny Vale, Cal.

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I think that "Dick Cole" is the best comic strip ever drawn! I am nine years old and am interested in cartooning. I listen to "Dick Cole" over the radio and read him in your comics. I like "Edison Bell" too, while the "Cadet" tails along. The end! From . . .  
Mark Wyman  
River Falls, Wis.

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I just finished reading your November-December issue and I want you to know that I think you have a swell magazine.

I think all the stories are fine. I think "Dick Cole" is the most exciting and the best story. I also like "Edison Bell" and "Candid Charlie."

I think you have a great idea in the questions and answers. They are very educational, although I think they should be harder.

The only suggestion I have is that you have Dan Merry (in the "Cadet") comb his hair sometimes. I looked over the whole story and I could not find one place where his hair was not hanging in his face.

Thank you for a swell magazine.

Sincerely,  
Frank Adams  
Los Angeles, Cal.

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

After reading Volume 7, Number 1, I was disgusted to find that you did not have "Candid Charlie" in that issue. I have been sick so I have not been able to read some of the past issues which had "Grover and Bonnie," but my friends tell me it was simply awful. All of us like "Candid Charlie."

I wish you would improve your faces

a little bit by making them more colorful and not so many hard lines.

Couldn't you put in a story about some famous girl in your comic each month? I am sure that all my friends would enjoy it and also your other girl readers.

Sincerely yours,  
Leslie McAreny  
Princeton, N. J.

\* \* \*

Dear Sirs:

As a regular reader of 4MOST comics, I have a chance to read and study each character. In my opinion I think that the new character "Lem the Grem" is one of the finest of all. Although he could not possibly be alive, he shows real gooi, clean, humor which all of your readers appreciate and enjoy very much. I asked some of my friends about it and they agreed with me.

I would like to say that the drawings in your book are the finest I have seen. I also think that your art director should be congratulated on his splendid work.

A friend of "Lem the Grem"  
B. D. Harritt  
Tulsa, Okla.

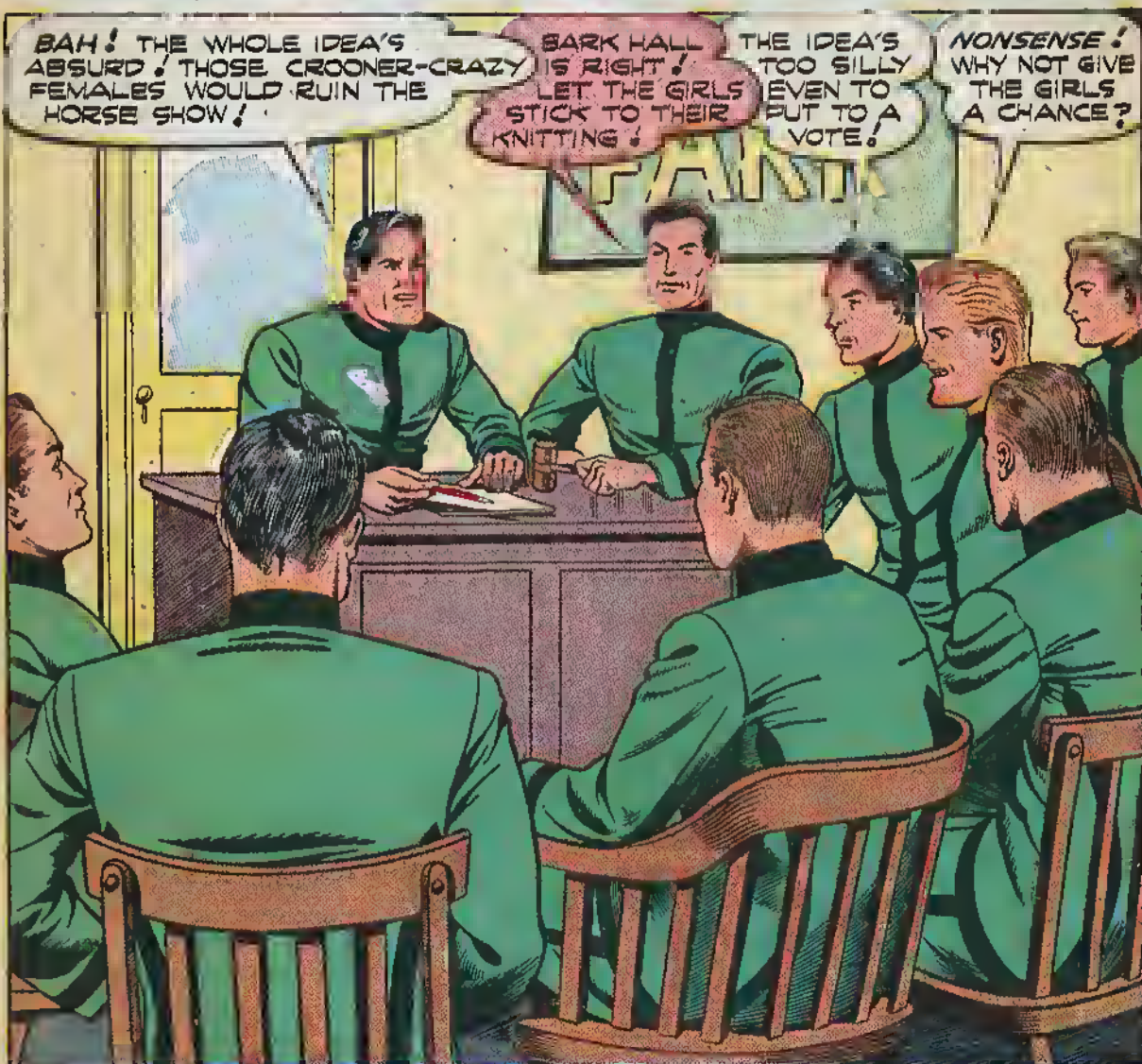
ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO 4MOST COMICS, 119 WEST 19th ST., NEW YORK 11; N. Y.  
\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

Printed in the U.S.A.

# DICK GOLE



**IN THE STUDENT COUNCIL OF FARR MILITARY ACADEMY A BATTLE RAGES OVER THE QUESTION: "SHOULD FARR GRANT THE REQUEST OF THE CENTERVIEW SEMINARY GIRLS TO PERFORM IN THE ACADEMY'S FORTHCOMING CHARITY HORSE SHOW?"**



Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager  
 Jane Spaulding Nye, Managing Editor; Phillip E. Moonan, Assistant Manager  
 Mel Cummin, Art Director; Alfred V. Fago, Art Consultant

4MOST, Vol. 7, No. 4, July-August, 1948, published bi-monthly by The Premium Group of Comics, a Division of The Premium Service Co. Inc., P. O. Box 1198, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa. Editorial offices, 119 West 19th Street, New York 11, N. Y. Printed in U. S. A., copyright 1948 by The Premium Service Co. Inc. Price 40 cents per copy. Subscription price \$1.00 per year (6 issues) in U. S. A. Entered as Second-Class matter, November 4, 1941, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. All characters and incidents described or depicted in stories (except those based on history or fact) are fictitious. Any resemblance to living persons is a coincidence.

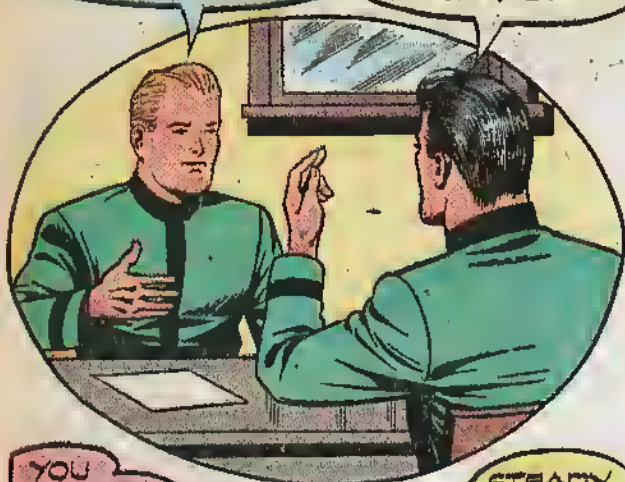


SOME OF THEM ARE WONDERFUL RIDERS!

HUH! WE ALL KNOW YOUR ANGLE, COLE!

IT'S PLAIN, LAURA BRADLY'S PUT HER ITSTY-BITSY HERO TO WORK TO GET HER A CHANCE TO SHOW OFF!

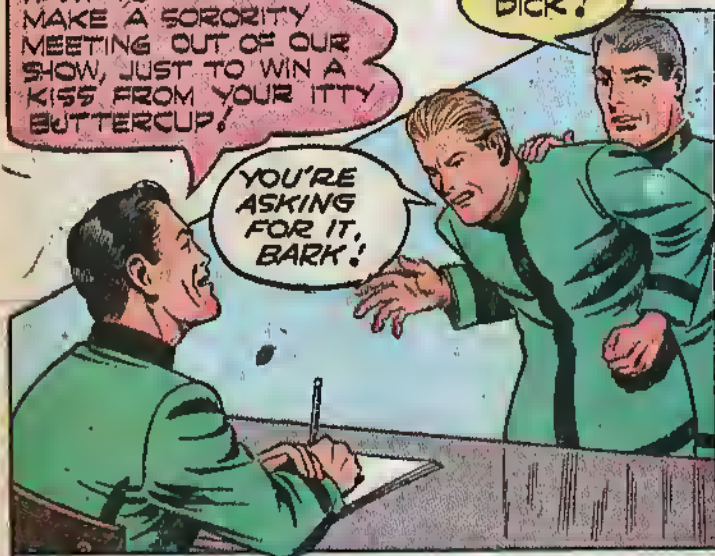
CUT IT OUT, BARK!



YOU WANT TO MAKE A SORORITY MEETING OUT OF OUR SHOW, JUST TO WIN A KISS FROM YOUR ITTY BUTTERCUP!

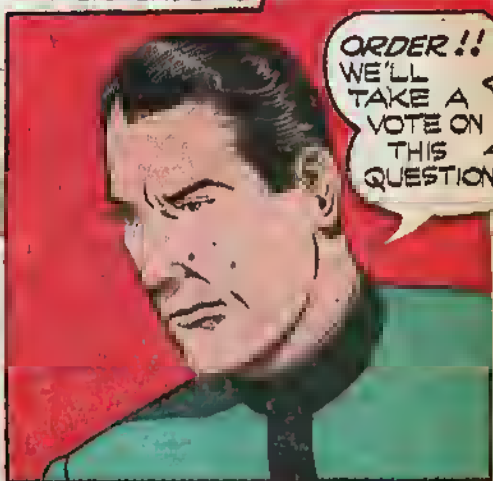
STEADY, DICK!

YOU'RE ASKING FOR IT, BARK!



**B**OOKS TRAP, COUNCIL PRESIDENT, BANGS HIS GAVEL AND CALLS FOR ORDER.

ORDER!! WE'LL TAKE A VOTE ON THIS QUESTION!



**T**HE COUNCIL VOTES, AND TRAP READS THE RESULT.

**T**HE MEETING ADJOURNS AND BARK HALL ACCOSTS DICK.

YOU CAN TELL THE SEMINARY GALS IT'S STILL A MAN'S WORLD. TOO BAD, COLE!

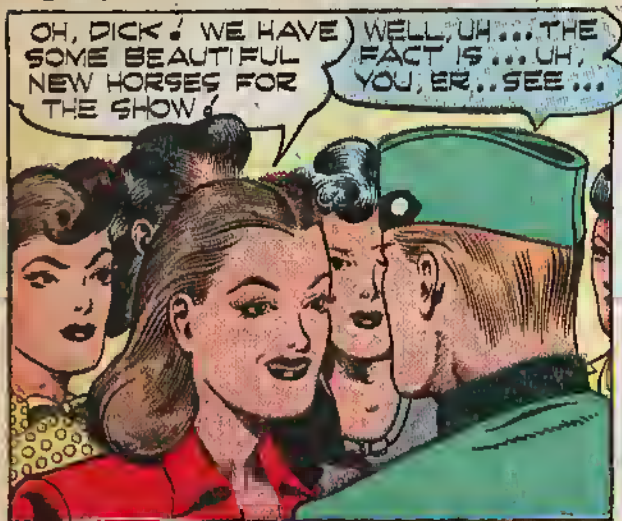
WELL, IF THE WORLD BELONGED TO RODENTS, YOU'D BE WEALTHY!

THE RESULTS... 6-3 AGAINST THE GIRLS' REQUEST!





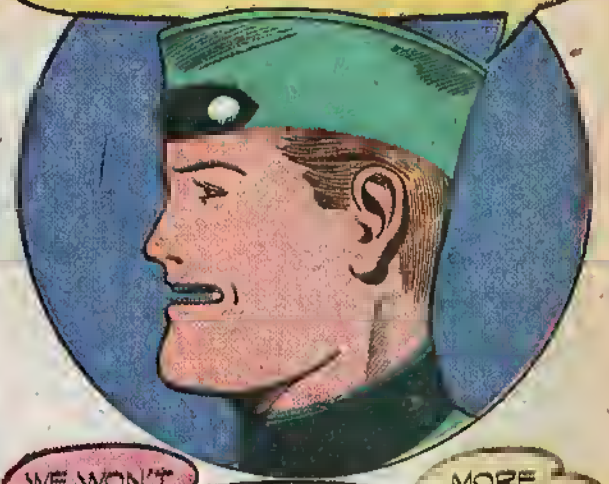
**NEXT AFTERNOON, DICK RELUCTANTLY GOES TO CENTERVIEW SEMINARY.**



OH, DICK! WE HAVE SOME BEAUTIFUL NEW HORSES FOR THE SHOW!

WELL, UH... THE FACT IS... UH, YOU, ER.. SEE...

THE FELLOWS DECIDED TO..UH...TO MAKE THE..UH...HORSE SHOW A STAG SHOW. HA, HA...UH.. ULD!



IT'S AN INSULT, GIRLS!

THAT'S NOT FUNNY, DICK COLE!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU MEN? STILL IN THE MIDDLE AGES?

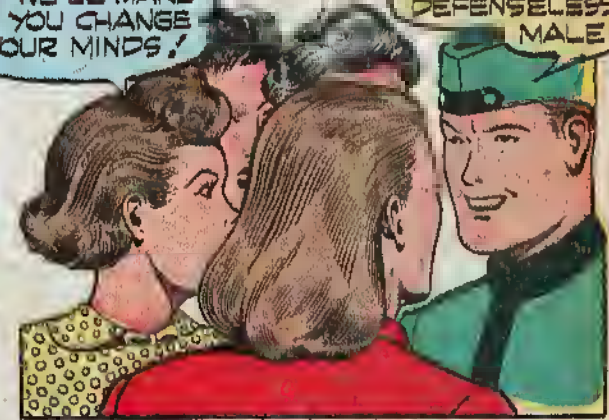
BOOB!

WE WON'T ACCEPT THIS AS FINAL!

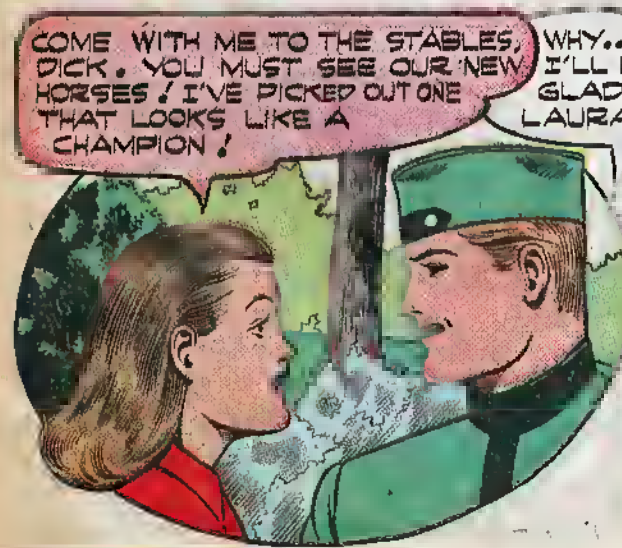
WE'LL GO RIGHT AHEAD WITH OUR PRACTICE!

MORE POWER TO YOU, GIRLS. BUT HAVE PITY ON POOR DEFENSELESS MALE!

WE'LL MAKE YOU CHANGE YOUR MINDS!

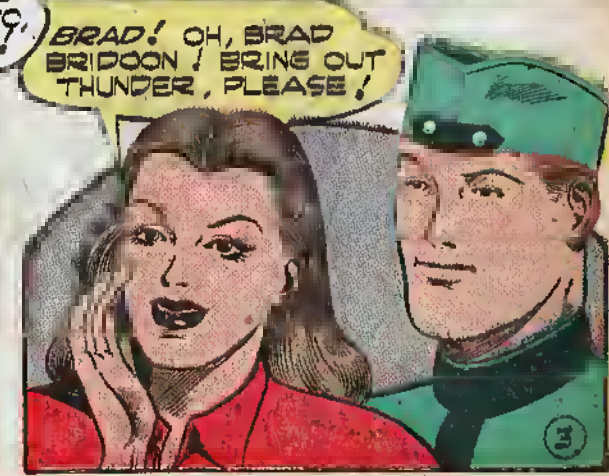


GLAD TO ESCAPE FROM THE ANGRY GIRLS, DICK GOES WITH LAURA TO THE NEAR-BY STABLES.



COME WITH ME TO THE STABLES, DICK. YOU MUST SEE OUR NEW HORSES! I'VE PICKED OUT ONE THAT LOOKS LIKE A CHAMPION!

WHY... I'LL BE GLAD TO, LAURA!



BRAD! OH, BRAD BRIDGON! BRING OUT THUNDER, PLEASE!



**MOMENTS LATER...**

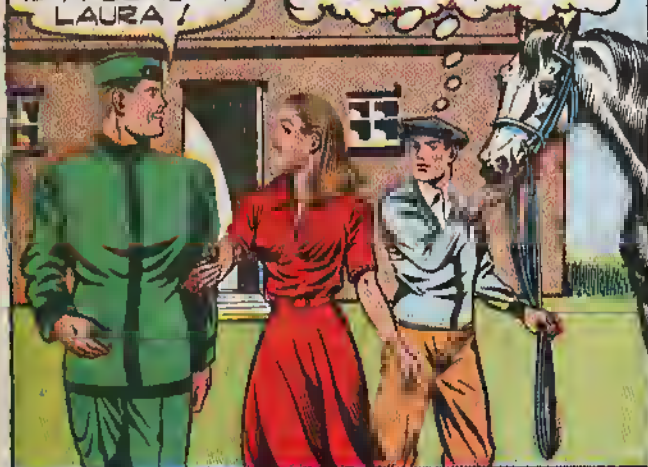
HERE HE IS,  
MISS LAURA!

THANKS,  
BRAD!

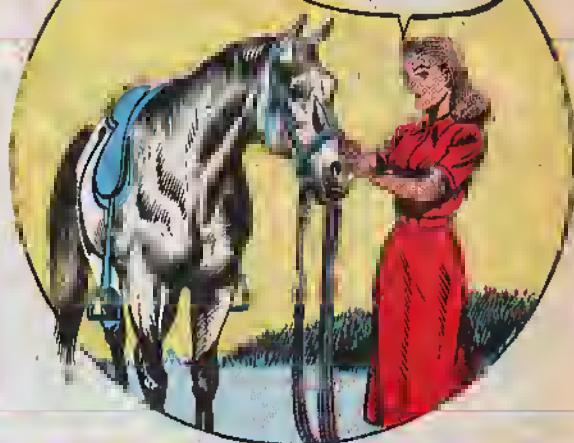


THUNDER SURE  
IS A BEAUTY,  
LAURA!

HUMPH! THE REAL  
BEAUTY'S HOLDING  
YOUR ARM, CHUMP!



BRAD IS  
GOING TO TRAIN  
HIM AS A JUMPER FOR  
ME, DICK!



THAT LAURA IS A CLASSY FILLY,  
BUT SHE NEVER GIVES ME A  
TUMBLE... JUST 'CAUSE I'M A  
STABLE HAND!



**BRAD SWINGS INTO THUNDER'S  
SADDLE.**

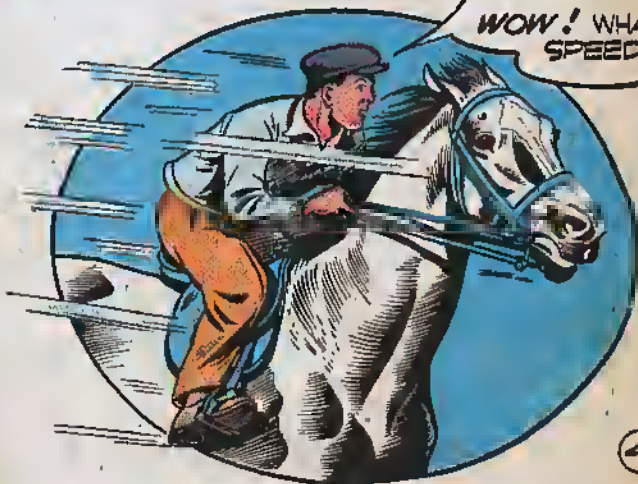
BUT I'LL CHANGE  
ALL THAT, TOO  
SOMEHOW!

C'MON,  
THUNDER,  
SHOW YER  
STUFF!



**THUNDER RESPONDS AND BRIDDOON GETS  
A SURPRISE!**

WOW! WHAT  
SPEED!



**A No. 1. Bridoon! Add "ga", after "i" to get Brigadoon, a modern play now in N. Y.**

**THUNDER EATS UP THE ROAD IN SWIFT STRIDES.**



H'M-M... THAT MEANS HE'S WORTH PLENTY OF DOUGH, AND I'M IN THE SPOT TO CASH IN!



**BRAD CHECKS THE HEADLONG SPEED, TURNS AND HEADS FOR HOME.**

BUT I'LL RISK NO SHADY DEAL TILL I TRY MAKIN' SOME TIME WITH LAURA.

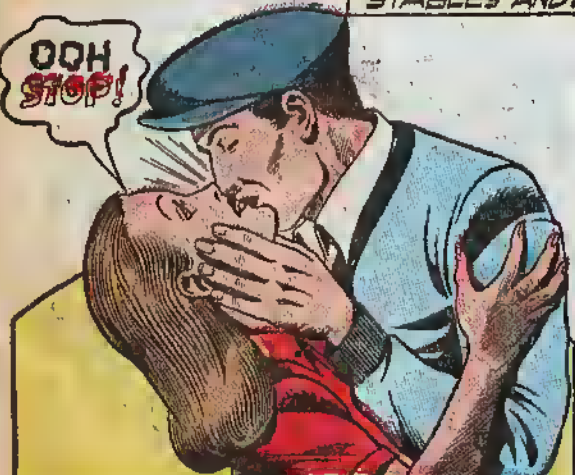


**THE NEXT DAY, NEAR THE STABLES...**

OH BOY! THIS IS MY LUCKY DAY! HERE COMES LAURA... ALONE!



**LAURA ROUNDS THE END OF THE STABLES AND...**



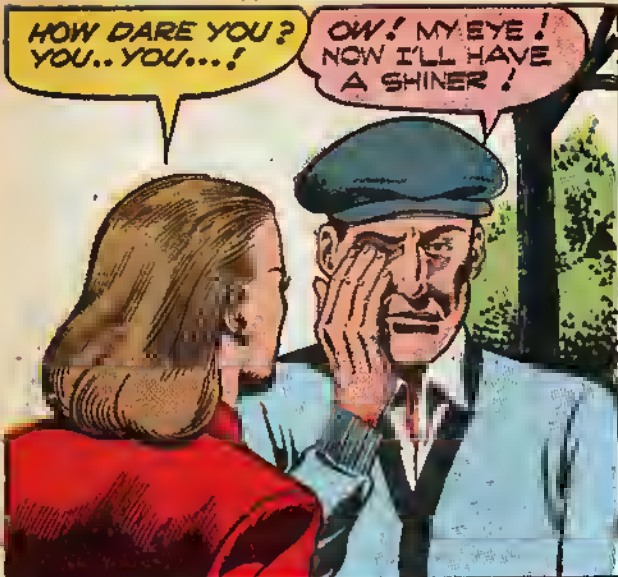
OOH STOP!

**FRANTIC, LAURA BREAKS FROM THE RUDE EMBRACE.**



**Q No. 2. Why is thunder heard after lightning is seen striking the ground?**



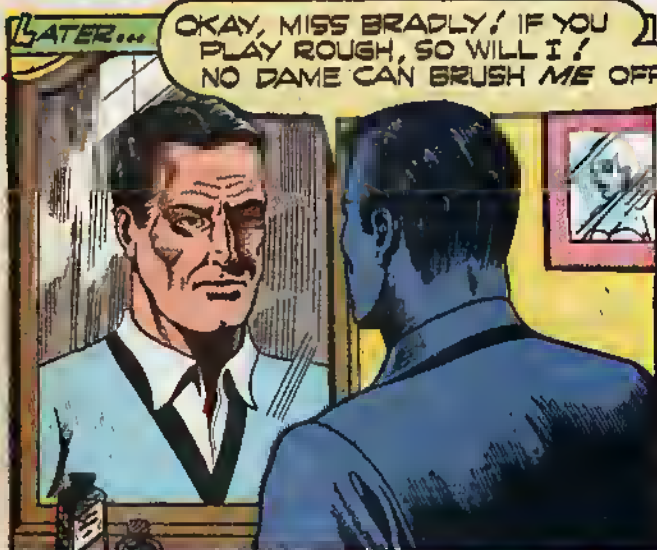


HOW DARE YOU?  
YOU.. YOU...!

OW! MY EYE!  
NOW I'LL HAVE  
A SHINER!



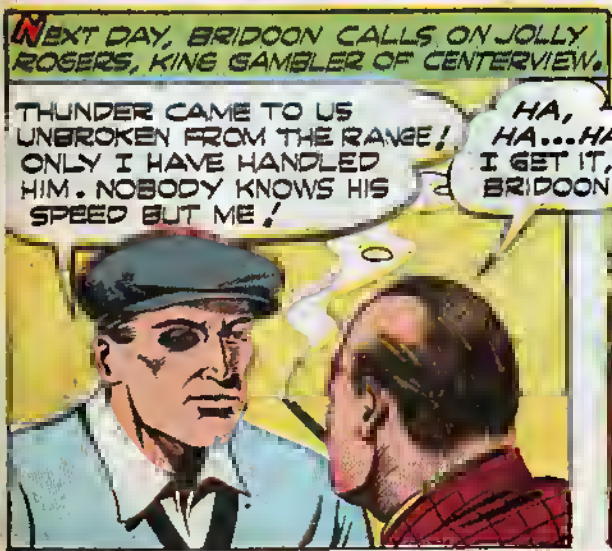
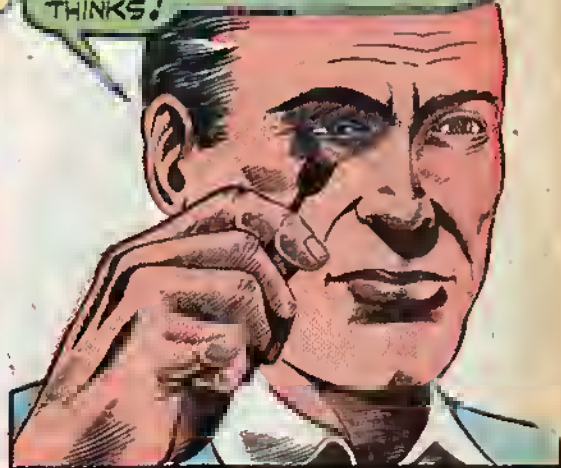
GOOD! AND IF  
THIS HAPPENS  
AGAIN, I'LL  
REPORT YOU!



LATER...

OKAY, MISS BRADLY, IF YOU  
PLAY ROUGH, SO WILL I!  
NO DAME CAN BRUSH ME OFF!

IN A WAY IT'S AN EYE OPENER!  
NOW I CAN MAKE A SMART DEAL  
WITH THUNDER AND NOT CARE  
WHAT THAT STUCK-UP SKIRT  
THINKS!



NEXT DAY, BRIDOOON CALLS ON JOLLY  
ROGERS, KING GAMBLER OF CENTERVILLE.

THUNDER CAME TO US  
UNBROKEN FROM THE RANGE!  
ONLY I HAVE HANDLED  
HIM. NOBODY KNOWS HIS  
SPEED BUT ME!

HA,  
HA...HA!  
I GET IT,  
BRIDOOON!



IF THE NAB IS STOLEN, NO ONE WILL  
EVEN DREAM OF LOOKING FOR HIM  
AT A RACE TRACK. RIGHT?

RIGHT!



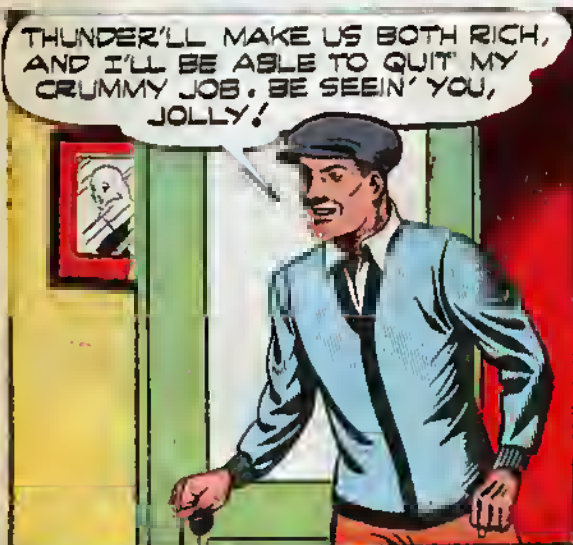


OKAY, I'LL SEND SOME OF MY BOYS WITH A VAN TO PICK THE HORSE UP NEAR THE CROSSROADS, TOMORROW.



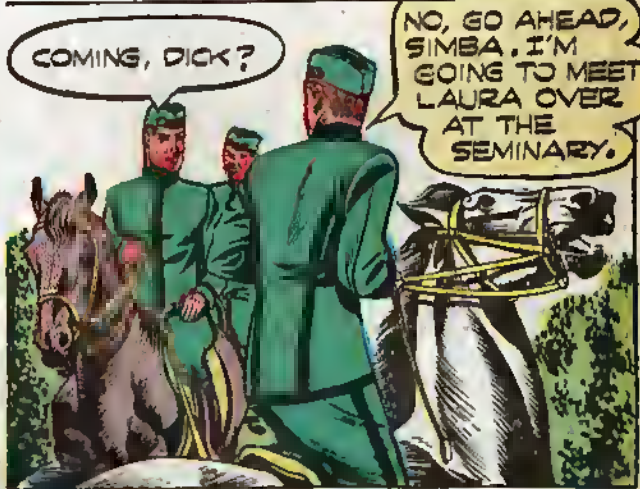
YOU BE THERE AT TWO SHARP WITH THUNDER. MY MEN WILL FAKE A HOLDUP, SO YOU'LL BE IN THE CLEAR.

SWELL, JOLLY! SHAKE.



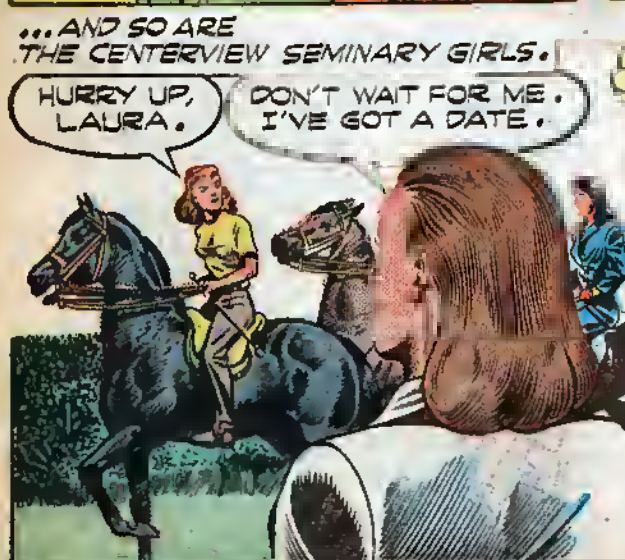
THUNDER'LL MAKE US BOTH RICH, AND I'LL BE ABLE TO QUIT MY CRUMMY JOB. BE SEEN' YOU, JOLLY!

**T**HE NEXT AFTERNOON, FARR HORSEMEN ARE OUT FOR A CANTER.



COMING, DICK?

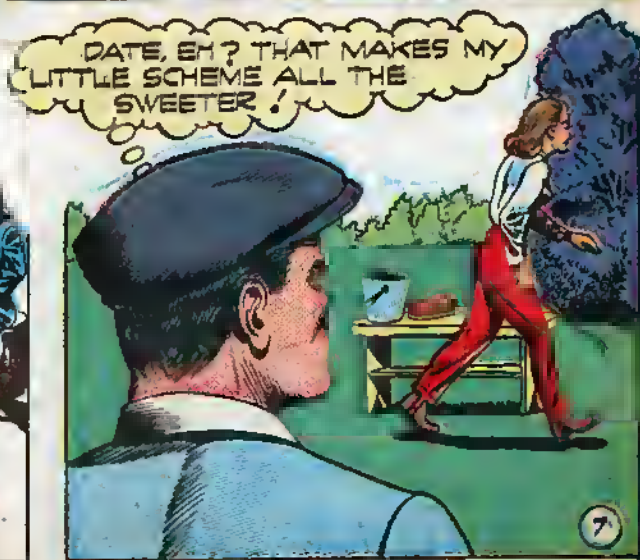
NO, GO AHEAD, SIMBA. I'M GOING TO MEET LAURA OVER AT THE SEMINARY.



...AND SO ARE THE CENTERVIEW SEMINARY GIRLS.

HURRY UP, LAURA.

DON'T WAIT FOR ME. I'VE GOT A DATE.



DATE, EH? THAT MAKES MY LITTLE SCHEME ALL THE SWEETER!

Q. What word in picture 4 looks like a misspelling of a well-known comedian's name?



**BRAD** FOLLOWS LAURA TO THE STABLES.

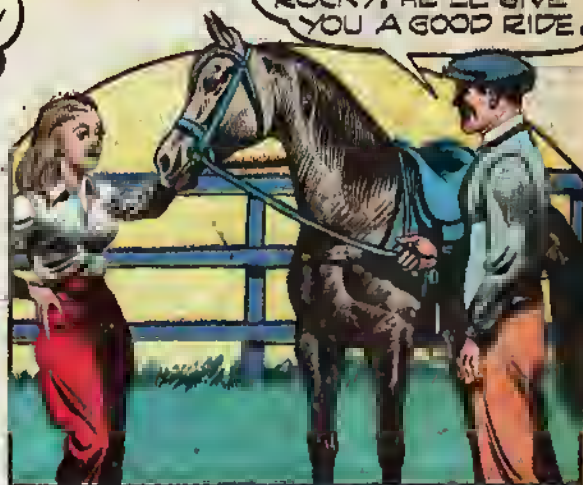
WHERE'S THUNDER,  
MR. BRIDOOOON?

HE PULLED UP LAME  
THIS MORNING, MA'AM!  
BUT I GOT A BETTER  
HORSE FOR YOU.



MOMENTS  
LATER...

HERE HE IS, MISS  
LAURA. NAME IS  
ROCKY. HE'LL GIVE  
YOU A GOOD RIDE!

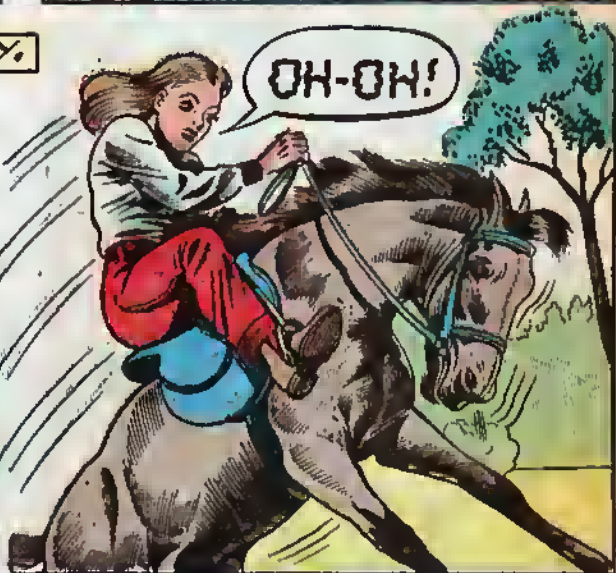


LAURA UNSUSPECTINGLY MOUNTS ROCKY.

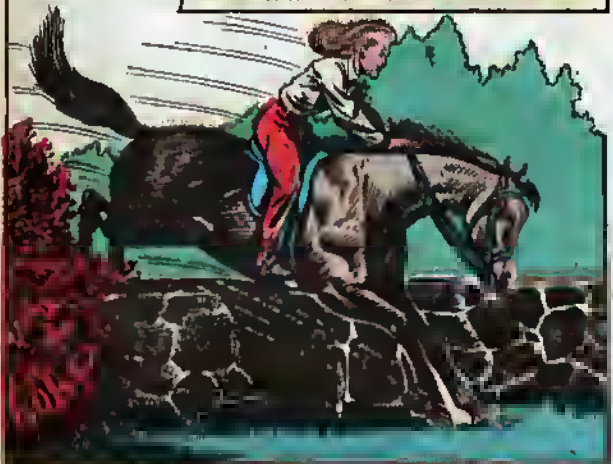
ROCKY IS THE  
MEANEST PLUG  
I'VE EVER  
SEEN! HE'LL  
BRING THAT  
SNOOTY DAME  
DOWN TO  
EARTH.



OH-OH!

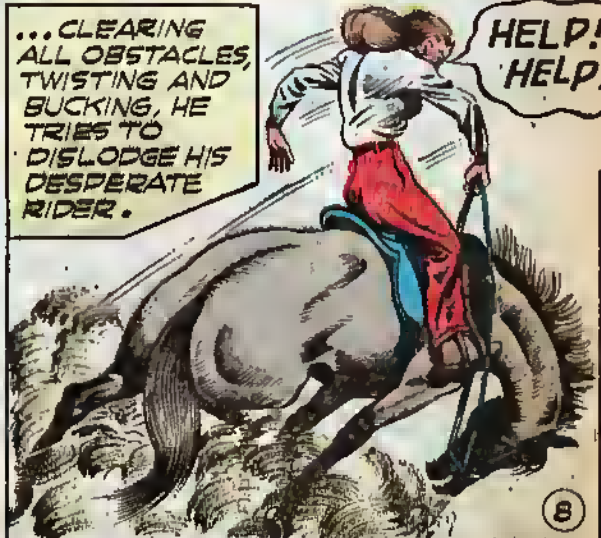


ROCKY, TAKING THE BIT IN HIS TEETH,  
DASHES CROSS-COUNTRY.



... CLEARING  
ALL OBSTACLES,  
TWISTING AND  
BUCKING, HE  
TRIES TO  
DISLODGE HIS  
DESPERATE  
RIDER.

HELP!  
HELP!





AT THIS MOMENT, DICK HEARS LAURA'S CRIES.

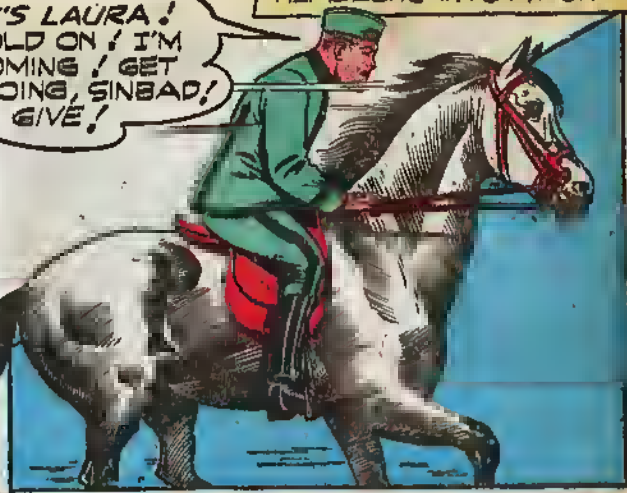
DICK ROUNDS A BEND IN THE ROAD JUST AS ROCKY CEASES BUCKING, AND BREAKS HEADLONG INTO A RUN.

THAT'S TROUBLE, SINBAD! LET'S GO!



HELP!

IT'S LAURA! HOLD ON! I'M COMING! GET GOING, SINBAD! GIVE!



FLEET SINBAD SOON OVERTAKES ROCKY, AND DICK SWEEPS LAURA FROM HER SADDLE.

OH, DICK, (SOB) I'M SO GLAD YOU HEARD ME!

DICK REINS SINBAD TO A STOP.

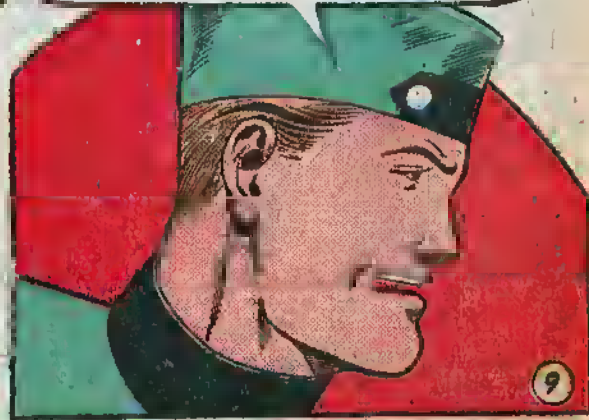
I COULDN'T HAVE STAYED ON THAT BEAST MUCH LONGER!



HOW COME YOU WERE RIDING A KILLER LIKE THAT, LAURA?

WHY, THUNDER WAS LAME AND BRAD BRIDDOON SAID HE WAS JUST THE HORSE FOR ME, DICK!

WHAT? THAT HORSE COULD HAVE KILLED YOU! BRIDDOON WILL HAVE TO ANSWER TO ME WHEN WE GET BACK TO THE STABLE!



Q What part of the saddle fills in this remark? It's a \_\_\_\_\_ that Laura likes Dick.



**B**UT, AS DICK AND LAURA APPROACH THE STABLES, THEY SEE ...

WE'VE GOT A DATE AT THE CROSSROADS, THUNDER. GID-DAP!

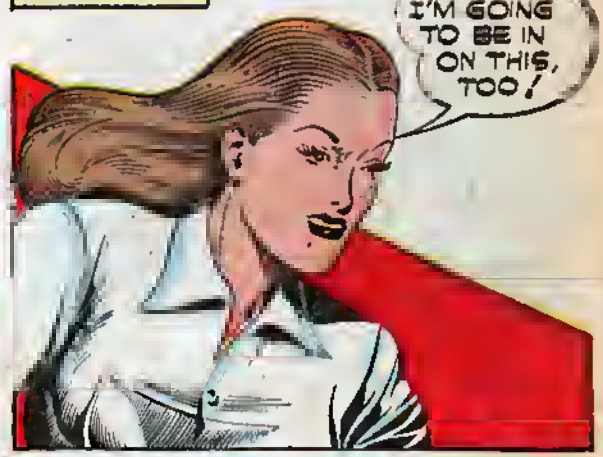
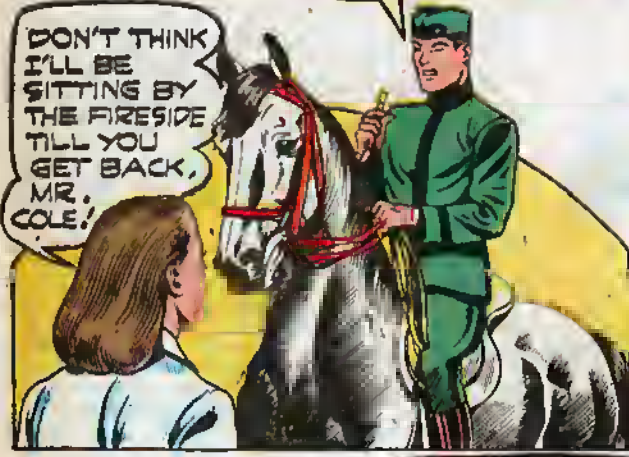
THAT'S QUEER! HUMPH! SURE LOOKS OKAY NOW, I'M GOING AFTER BRAD!

THUNDER. GID-DAP!



THAT GUY'S GOING TO GET WHAT'S COMING TO HIM!

**A**S DICK GALLOPS OFF, LAURA DASHES FOR THE STABLES ... AND A HORSE.



**R**IDING AFTER BRAD, DICK PASSES BARK HALL.

WHAT'S THE RUSH? THE GIRLS-CHASING YOU?





**BRAD, NEARING THE CROSSROADS, GLANCES BACK.**

HUH! SO COLE AND ANOTHER CADET ARE TAILING ME!  
THAT'S FINE!



**JOLLY ROBERTS'S MEN ARE WAITING WITH A HORSE VAN.**

MAKE IT LOOK GOOD, GUYS. I'M BEING FOLLOWED BY TWO CADETS. IF THEY TRY ANYTHING, SMEAR 'EM UP!



**SECONDS LATER, DICK COMES ON THE SCENE.**



GOSH! THOSE MEN ARE PULLING BRIDDOON FROM HIS HORSE! IT MUST BE A HOLDUP!

I'M WITH YOU, COLE!

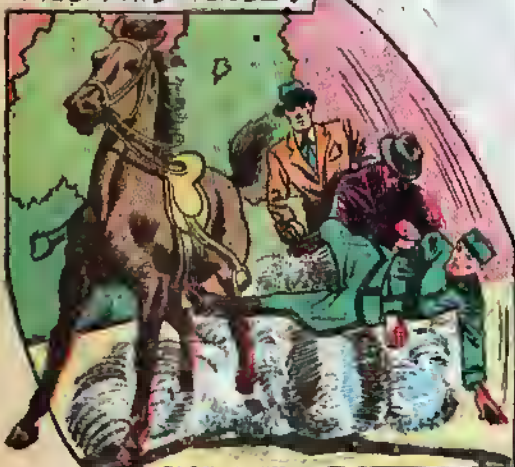


HEY, YOU! KEEP OUT OF THIS!

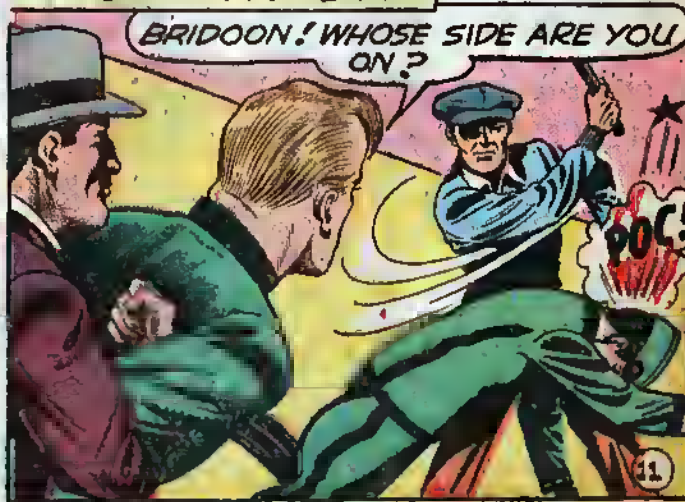
LEAVE THAT HORSE ALONE!

SOCK HIM, PETE! SOCK 'IM QUICK!

**DICK, STRUCK FROM BEHIND, TOPPLES FROM SINBAD, AS BARK IS DRAGGED FROM HIS HORSE.**



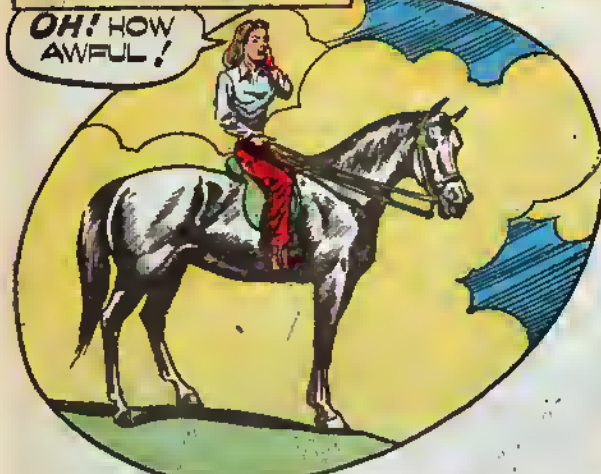
**BARK SPRINGS TO HIS FEET, ONLY TO BE STRUCK DOWN BY BRAD.**



BRIDDOON! WHOSE SIDE ARE YOU ON?



**MEANWHILE, LAURA REACHES A HIGH HILL AND SEES DICK AND BARK BEING BEATEN UP!**



**OH! HOW AWFUL!**

**LAURA URGES HER HORSE DOWN THE HILL.**



**I'VE GOT TO GET HELP... BUT FAST!**

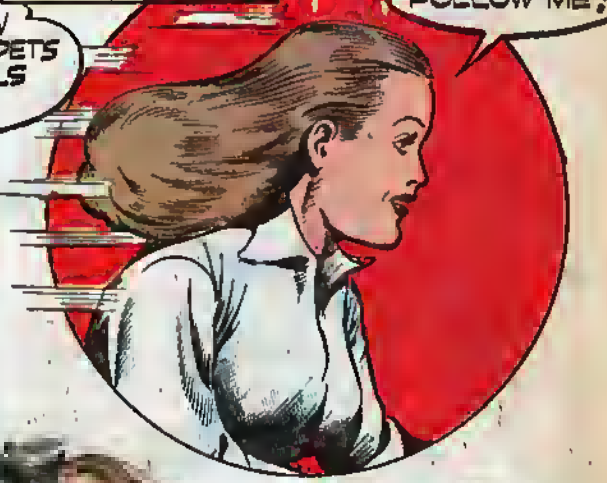
**RACING FOR AID, LAURA MEETS A GROUP OF HER SCHOOLMATES.**



**HOLD UP, GIRLS!... DICK COLE AND BARK HALL ARE BEING KILLED! WILL YOU HELP ME RESCUE THEM?**

**YOU BET! WE'LL SHOW THOSE CADETS WHAT GIRLS CAN DO!**

**LAURA WHEELS HER HORSE.**



**GOOD GIRLS! FOLLOW ME!**

**A FEW MINUTES LATER, LAURA LEADS THE GIRLS IN A BREAKNECK CHARGE, TO RESCUE DICK AND BARK FROM JOLLY ROGERS' THUGS.**





ULP! LOOK WOT'S  
COMIN'! IT AIN'T  
POSSIBLE! RUN  
FOR YER  
LIVES!



TAKE THAT,  
YOU BEAST!



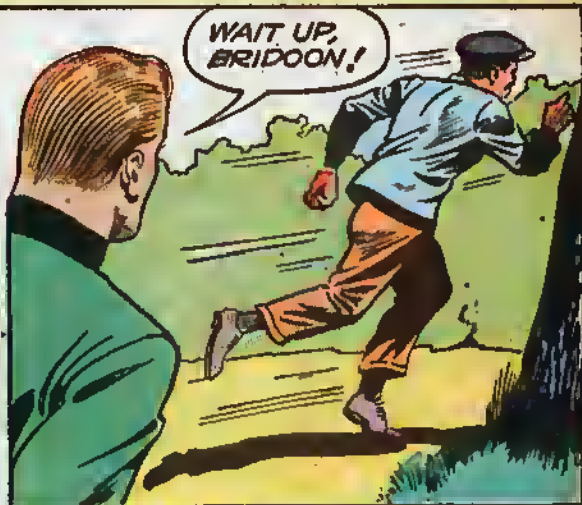
THE THUGS WILT BEFORE THE  
THUNDERING CHARGE!

YIPE! WHO SAID  
WIMMEN ARE THE  
WEAKER SEX?



BRIDOOON MAKES A BREAK FOR IT, BUT...

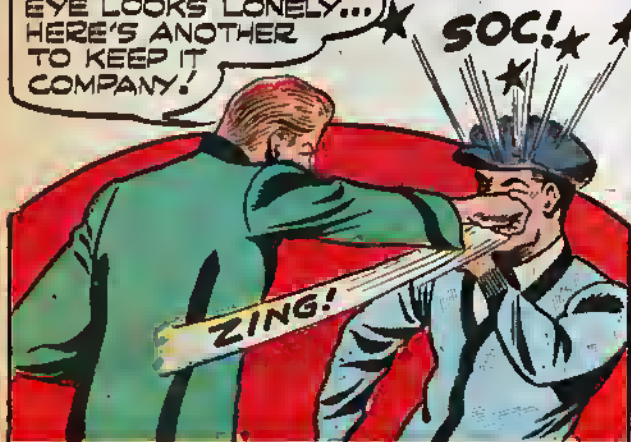
WAIT UP,  
BRIDOOON!



DICK CATCHES UP WITH BRIDOOON,  
SWINGS HIM ABOUT, AND...

THAT BLACK  
EYE LOOKS LONELY...  
HERE'S ANOTHER  
TO KEEP IT  
COMPANY!

SOC! ★ ★



MEANWHILE, THE THUGS HAVE TAKEN  
TO THE WOODS.

CHEE! WAIT  
TILL JOLLY HEARS  
WE WUZ STYMIED  
BY SCHOOL GOILS!

C'MON! AIN'T  
STOPPIN' TILL  
I HIT TOWN!  
THEM DAMES!  
WOW!

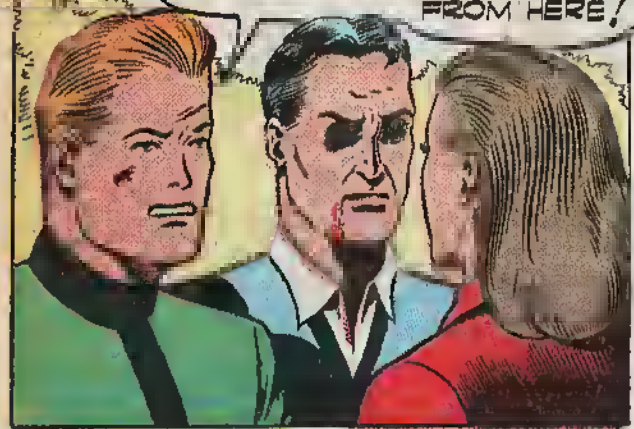


Q No. 6. In golf, what does the word "stymie" mean?



LATER...

BRIDDOON WAS IN CAHOOTS WITH THOSE THUGS TO STEAL THUNDER AND SELL HIM AS A RACE HORSE. THE POLICE CAN TAKE OVER FROM HERE!



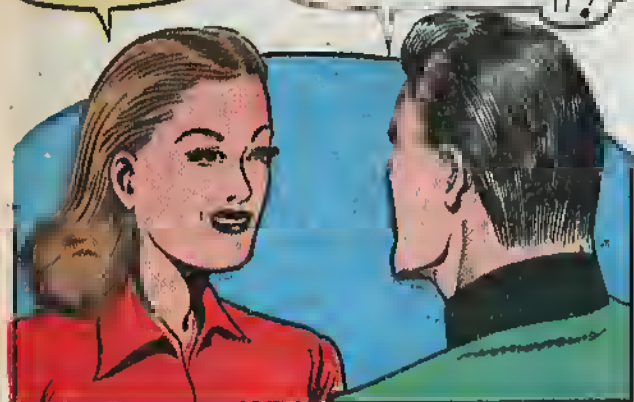
TAKE OVER WHAT? THOSE DAMES TOOK CARE OF EVERYTHING!

I HATE TO ADMIT IT, BUT I THINK YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE!



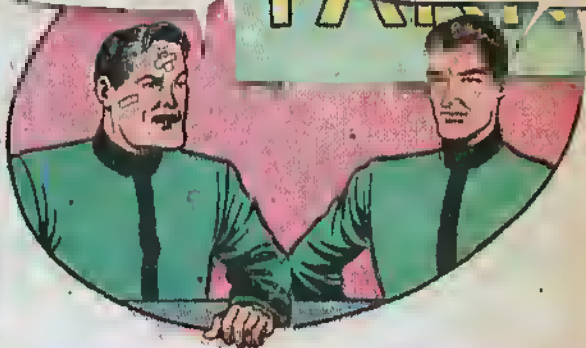
NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF A WOMAN, BARK!

COLE AND I WOULD HAVE BEEN HOSPITAL CASES BUT FOR YOU AND THE GIRLS, LAURA, AND I WON'T FORGET IT!



AND, AT THE NEXT MEETING OF THE FARR STUDENT COUNCIL...

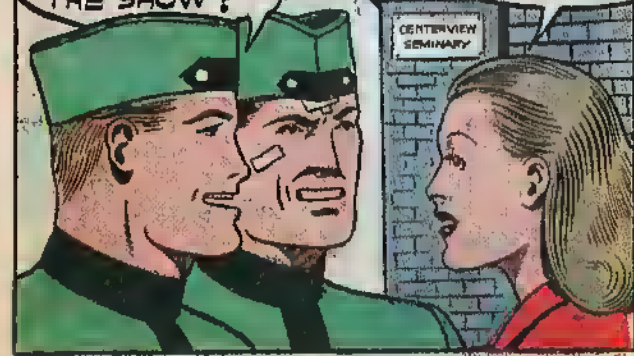
I MOVE WE RECONSIDER IN VIEW OF OUR HORSE SHOW DECISION. LET'S GIVE THE GIRLS A BREAK! RECENT EVENTS... AH... A NEW VOTE'S IN ORDER!



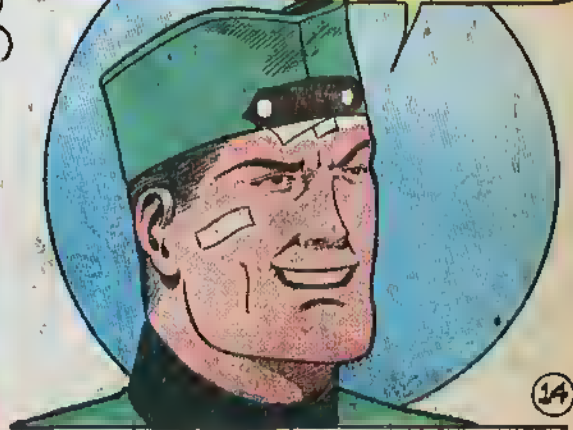
DICK AND BARK CALL ON LAURA AT THE SEMINARY WITH THE NEW DECISION OF THE COUNCIL.

THE COUNCIL REVERSED ITS DECISION 9-0! SO WON'T YOU JOIN US IN THE SHOW?

HURRAH! WE SURE WILL, DICK!



BUT, LAURA, JUST DON'T SHOW US UP TOO BADLY... THAT'S ALL WE ASK, PUH-LEEZ!





G'WAY-NOW HOW CAN  
YOUR POP BE A  
BARBER IN AN  
AMMUNITION FACTORY,  
HUH ???

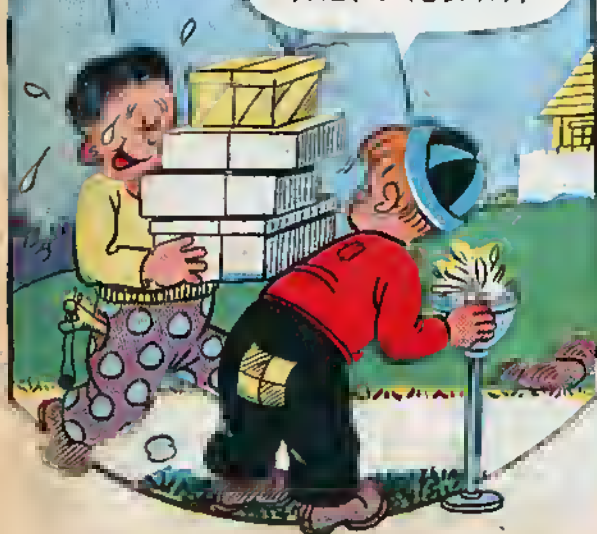
VERY EASILY, BUB-HE  
MAKES THE BANGS!!  
HA! HA!



MIC BAMMERO

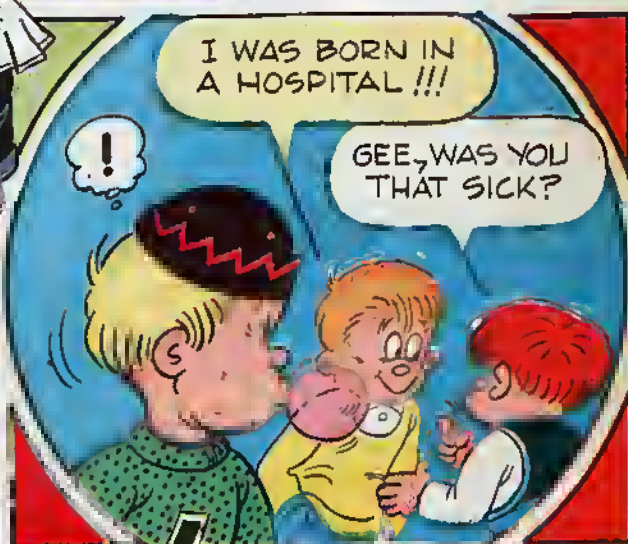
I WAS DOWNTOWN  
TODAY SHOPPING  
FOR A FRIEND !!!

WHAT ARE THEY  
CHARGING FOR  
THEM TODAY???



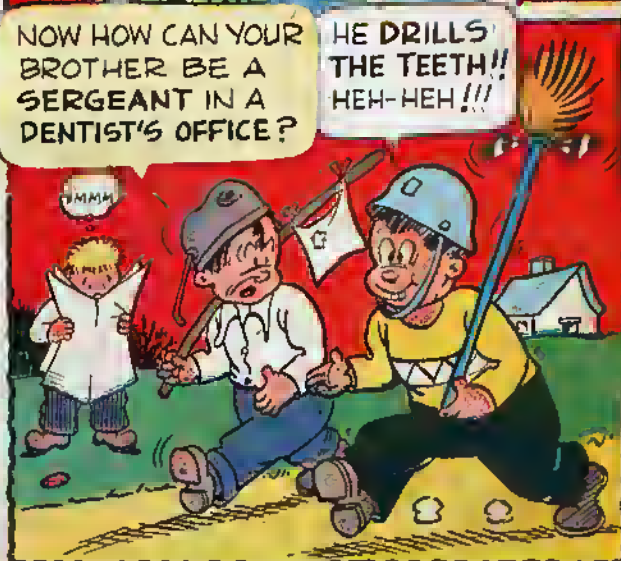
I WAS BORN IN  
A HOSPITAL !!!

GEE, WAS YOU  
THAT SICK?



NOW HOW CAN YOUR  
BROTHER BE A  
SERGEANT IN A  
DENTIST'S OFFICE?

HE DRILLS  
THE TEETH!!  
HEH-HEH!!!



**Electric LIGHT**

**JAZZ BOW TIE**

**ONLY \$1.95**

**ASTONISH, AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS!!**

Sensation of the Nation

Great Fun for Young and Old. You can be the life of the party and have lots of fun. Tie easily put on. Flashes on and off by simply pressing battery button hidden in your pocket. Comes complete with attractive bow tie, cord, two bulbs and battery.

**SEND NO. Mail You order today. Pay postman**

when delivered or send \$1.95 and we pay postage.

Special Price to Dealers:

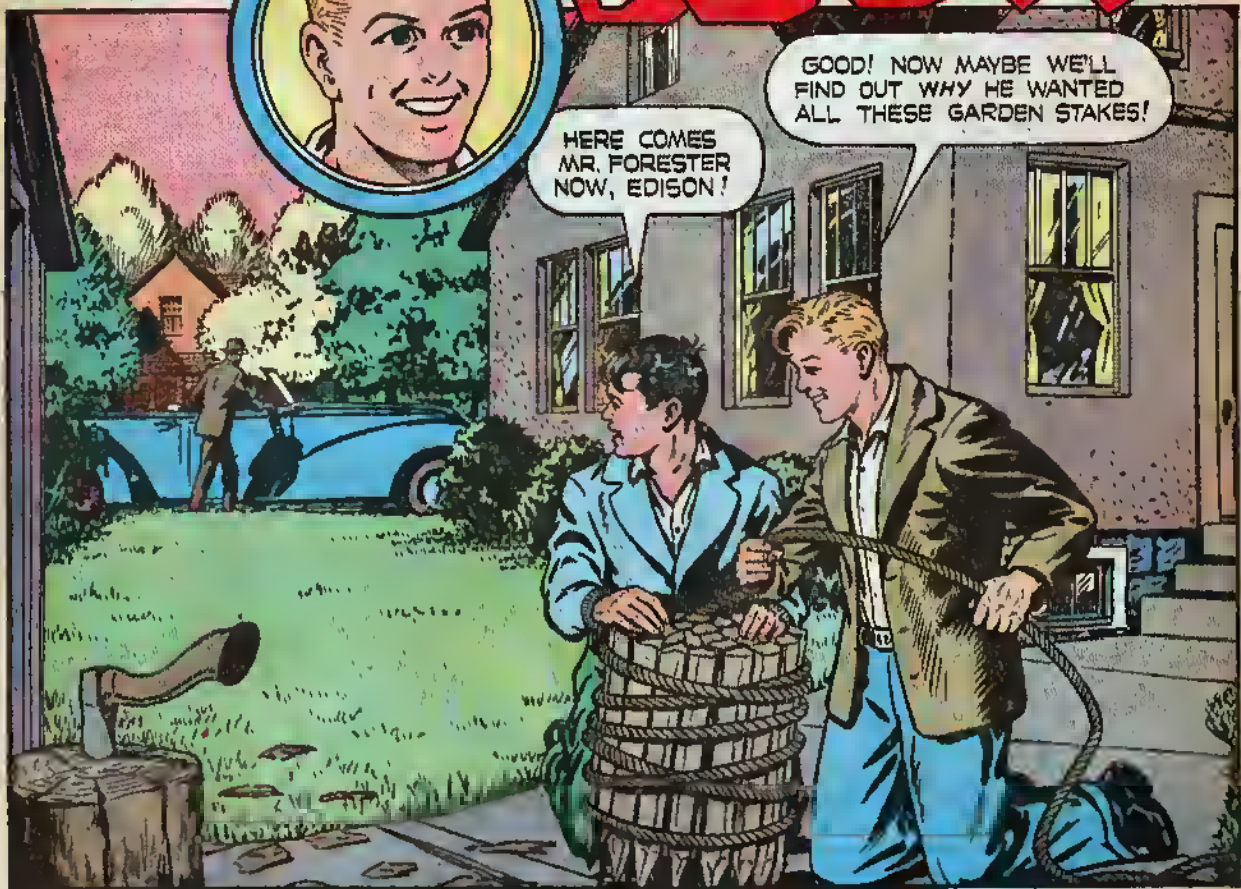
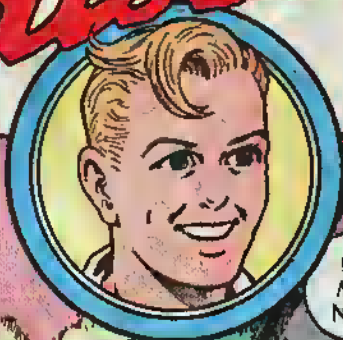
Five day money-back guarantee

**BERNARD FINE CO., 501 Sixth Avenue**

Dept. PM, New York 11, N. Y.



# Edison Bell



HERE COMES  
MR. FORESTER  
NOW, EDISON!

GOOD! NOW MAYBE WE'LL  
FIND OUT WHY HE WANTED  
ALL THESE GARDEN STAKES!



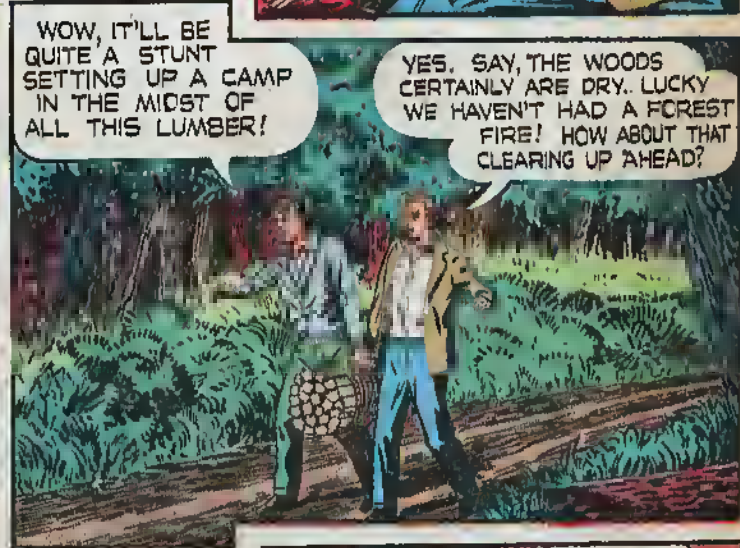
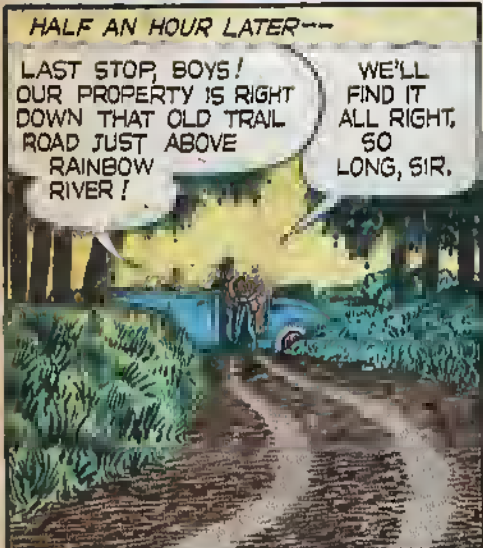
HELLO,  
MR. FORESTER.  
WE'VE GOT  
EVERYTHING  
READY FOR YOU.

SPLENDID! THE TOWN'S RECREATION  
COMMITTEE BOUGHT UP A TRACT OF LAND  
OUT IN TAYLOR'S WOODS FOR A COMMUNITY  
CAMP!



WE NEED THOSE STAKES  
TO MARK OFF THE CHOICEST  
CAMPING SITE!

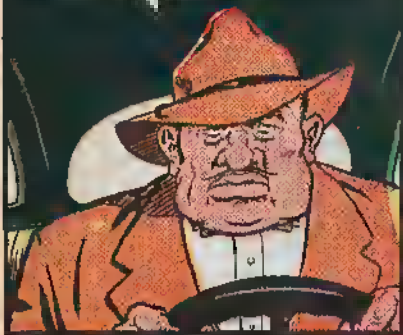




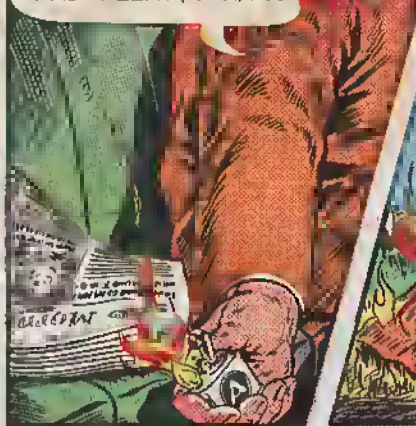


INSIDE THE SEDAN--

WELL, WELL-- THAT ROTTEN RECREATION COMMITTEE DIDN'T WASTE MUCH TIME! SENT TWO BOY SCOUTS TO CARVE OUT THEIR CAMP, EH?

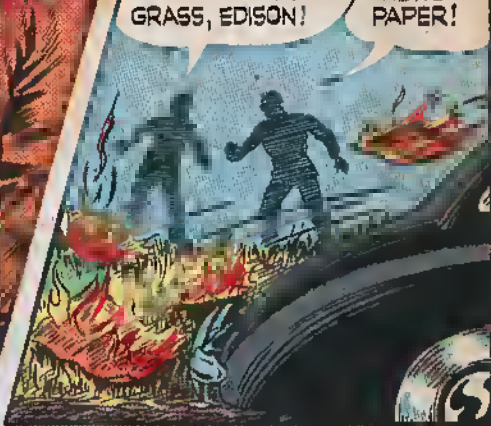


A LITTLE BRUSH FIRE'LL **BURN** UP OLD MAN FORESTER GOOD AND PLENTY! HAW!



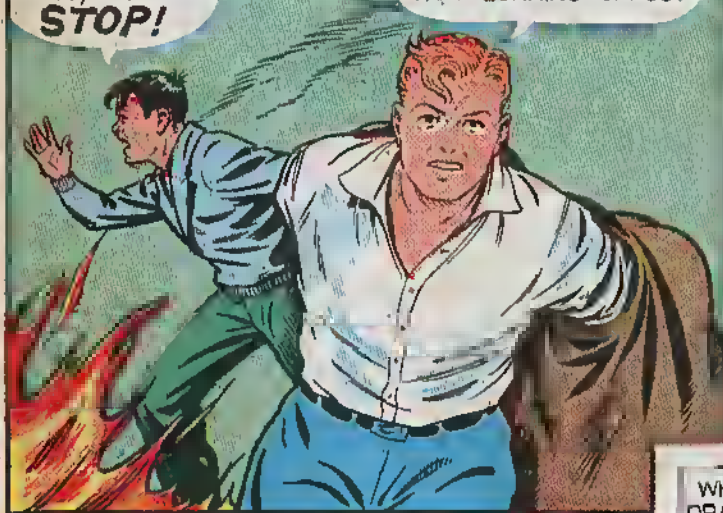
THAT DRIVER TOSSED SOMETHING OUT INTO THE GRASS, EDISON!

IT'S A BLAZING NEWS-PAPER!



HEY, YOU---  
**STOP!**

NEVER MIND HIM, JERRY! GET AFTER THAT BURNING GRASS!



**SOON--** IT'S NO USE-- CAN'T CONTROL IT!

W-WE'RE CUT OFF FROM THE TRAIL ROAD, EDISON.



COME ON, GIVE ME A HAND WITH THESE STAKES. WE'LL HEAD DOWN-HILL TOWARD RAINBOW RIVER!



WHAT ARE WE DRAGGING THIS EXCESS BAGGAGE FOR?

YOU'LL SEE! STEP ON IT! WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE RIVER BEFORE THAT INFERNO GETS US!



**A** No. 7. It is a woody, treelike grass of the genus *Bambusa*.





MADE IT!



H-HOW'LL WE STAY AFLOAT IN THOSE RAPIDS?

THIS BUNDLE OF STAKES WILL ACT AS A BUOY! ALL SET?



CRAAA-AASH

WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!

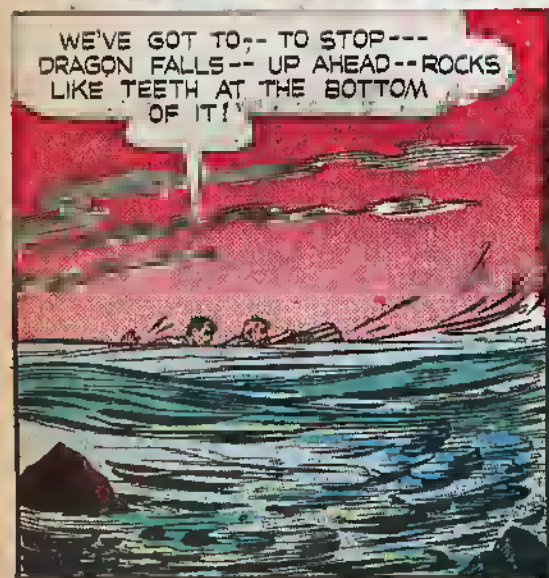


FEW MINUTES LATER--

WE'RE SAFE FROM THE FIRE NOW! LET'S TRY TO HEAD FOR SHORE!



BUT THE RAGING RIVER KEEPS THE BOYS IN MIDSTREAM--HURTLING THEM STRAIGHT TOWARD THE DREADED DRAGON FALLS--

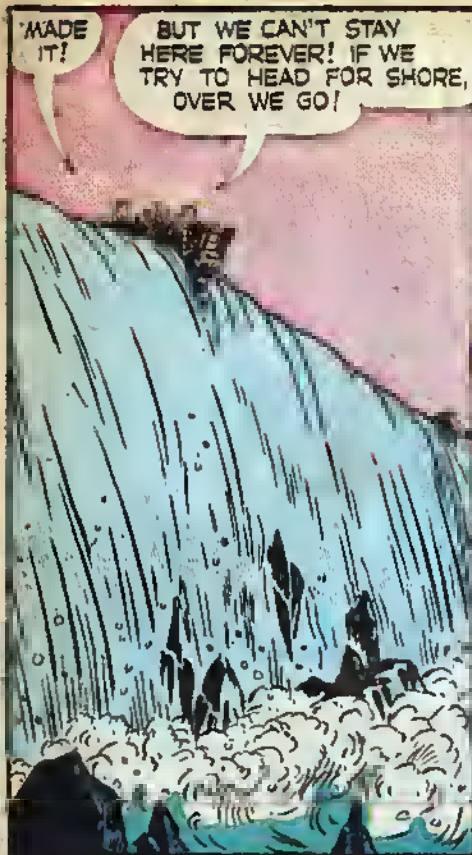


WE'VE GOT TO-- TO STOP-- DRAGON FALLS-- UP AHEAD--ROCKS LIKE TEETH AT THE BOTTOM OF IT!



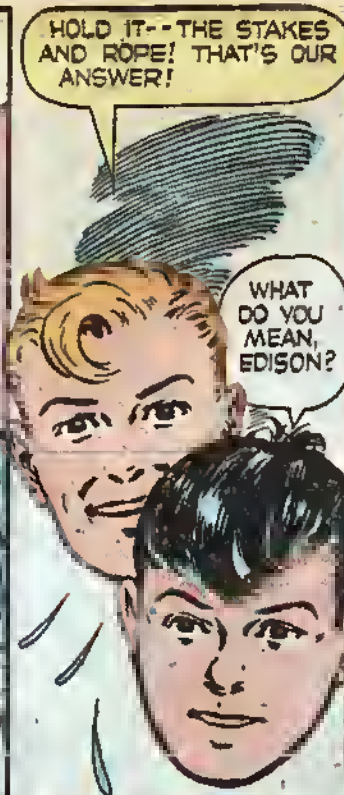
GRAB FOR THAT JUTTING ROCK!





MADE IT!

BUT WE CAN'T STAY HERE FOREVER! IF WE TRY TO HEAD FOR SHORE, OVER WE GO!



HOLD IT--THE STAKES AND ROPE! THAT'S OUR ANSWER!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, EDISON?



WE'RE GOING TO RIG UP A JACOB'S LADDER, AND CLIMB DOWN OVER THE FALLS!



AFTER WHAT SEEMS LIKE HOURS, THE NIMBLE FINGERS OF EDISON BELL RELAX.

THERE SHE GOES!



I'VE HEARD OF MEN GOING OVER THE FALLS IN A BARREL, BUT THIS IS A NEW APPROACH!



SOON--

WE CAN USE THESE ROCKS AS STEPPING STONES TO SHORE!

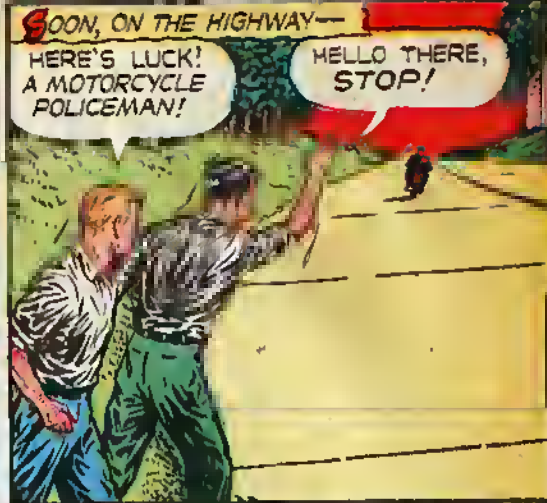
HMMM --- THESE SAME ROCKS ALMOST SERVED AS TOMBSTONES!





I GUESS THE FOREST FIRE OION'T GET DOWN THIS FAR!

COME ON! WE'LL HEAD FOR THE MAIN HIGHWAY!



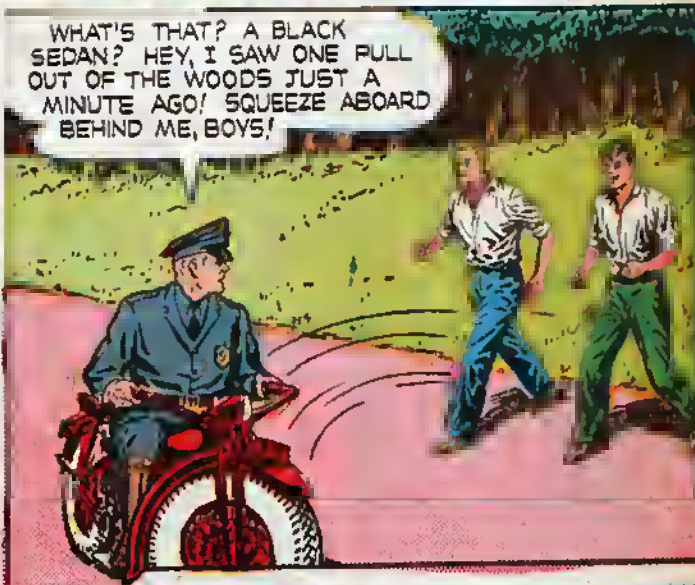
SOON, ON THE HIGHWAY—  
HERE'S LUCK!  
A MOTORCYCLE POLICEMAN!

HELLO THERE,  
STOP!



WHAT'S UP, BOYS?  
I'M IN A HURRY! HALF  
THE FIRE DEPARTMENT  
IS FIGHTING A FOREST  
FIRE UP AHEAD!

A MAN IN A  
BLACK SEDAN  
DELIBERATELY  
STARTED  
THAT BLAZE,  
OFFICER!



WHAT'S THAT? A BLACK  
SEDAN? HEY, I SAW ONE PULL  
OUT OF THE WOODS JUST A  
MINUTE AGO! SQUEEZE ABOARD  
BEHIND ME, BOYS!

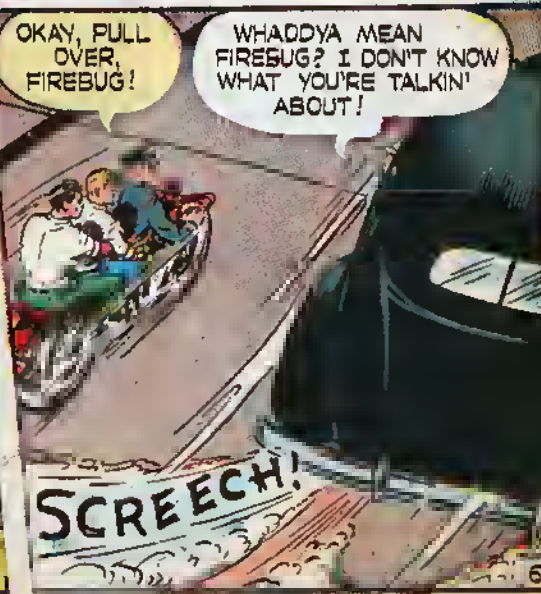


HANG ON, WE'RE  
GOING TO MAKE  
TIME!



THAT'S THE  
CAR,  
OFFICER!

A  
COPPER!

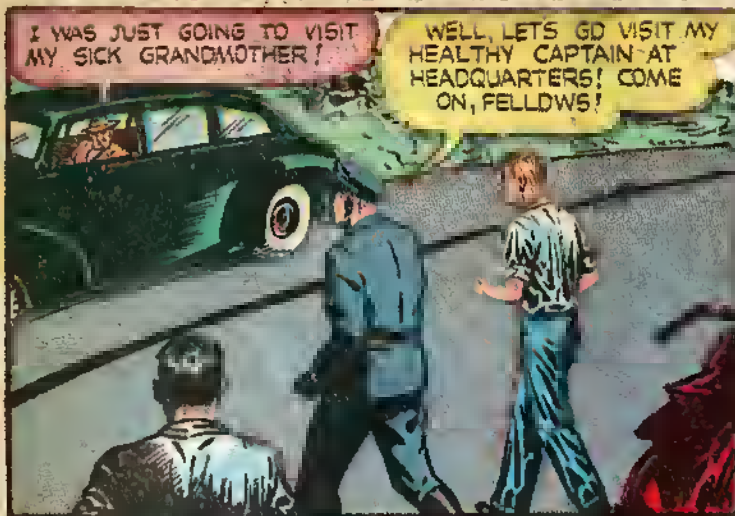


OKAY, PULL  
OVER,  
FIREBUG!

WHADDYA MEAN  
FIREBUG? I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT YOU'RE TALKIN'  
ABOUT!

SCREECH!





I WAS JUST GOING TO VISIT MY SICK GRANDMOTHER!

WELL, LETS GO VISIT MY HEALTHY CAPTAIN AT HEADQUARTERS! COME ON, FELLDWS!



SOON--AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS IN TOWN--  
STEP ALONG, SONNY BOY!



MR. FORESTER!

EDISON AND JERRY! GDSH, HOW DID YOU TWO GET THROUGH THAT FIRE?



THAT'S A LONG STORY, SIR!

ACE ARNELLI!

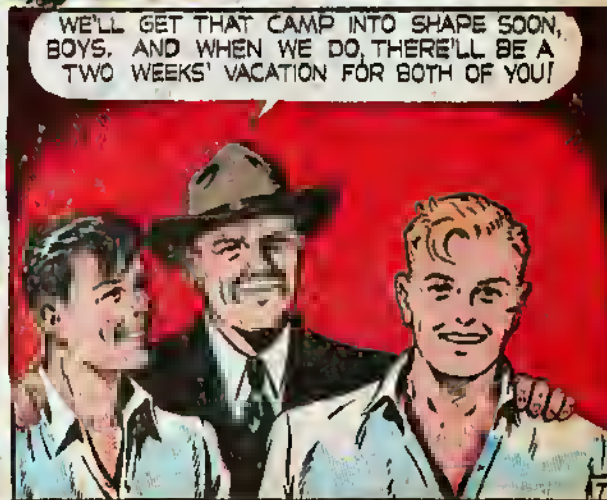
YOU KNOW 'IM, MR. FORESTER?

YOU BET I DO! HE LOST THE BID FOR THAT PROPERTY IN THE WOODS! WANTED TO BUILD A SHADY ROADHOUSE AND GAMBLING DEN!



THESE CHEAP GAMBLERS ARE ALWAYS SORE LOSERS!

WE JUST GOT A CALL FROM THE RANGERS, MR. FORESTER! THE FIRE'S UNDER CONTROL!



WE'LL GET THAT CAMP INTO SHAPE SOON, BOYS. AND WHEN WE DO, THERE'LL BE A TWO WEEKS' VACATION FOR BOTH OF YOU!



HERE'S HOW TO BUILD YOUR OWN JACOB'S

# ROPE

# LADDER

1. TO MAKE THIS STURDY AND EASILY PORTABLE 12-FOOT LONG ROPE LADDER, ALL YOU NEED ARE THE FOLLOWING MATERIALS:

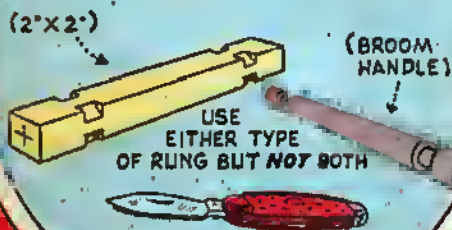
- 47 FEET OF FOUR-STRANDED HEMP ROPE... IN ONE PIECE.
- 12 STRIPS OF WOOD, 2 INCHES SQUARE AND 18 INCHES LONG.
- OR, 12 LENGTHS OF WOOD FROM OLD BROOM HANDLES, ALSO 18 INCHES LONG.

3/4  
Heavy  
Sagurus

2. OLD ROPE IN HALF AND BEGINNING AT THE LOOPED END "A", MARK OFF, WITH A CRAYON, THE SPACINGS FOR THE RUNGS. FROM "A" TO THE FIRST RUNG SHOULD BE 27 INCHES AND FROM THERE ON THE MARKS SHOULD BE 18 INCHES APART.



3. THE STRIPS OF WOOD ARE THE RUNGS AND SHOULD BE PREPARED BY CUTTING A GROOVE 1 1/4 INCHES FROM EACH END OF THE RUNG...



4. TO FASTEN EACH RUNG TO THE ROPE YOU USE THE CONSTRICTOR KNOT EXPLAINED IN THE FOLLOWING ILLUSTRATIONS. STARTING WITH END "A", FASTEN BOTH ENDS OF EACH RUNG AT PLACES MARKED AND THEN PROCEED TO NEXT ONES AT PLACES MARKED ON ROPE.

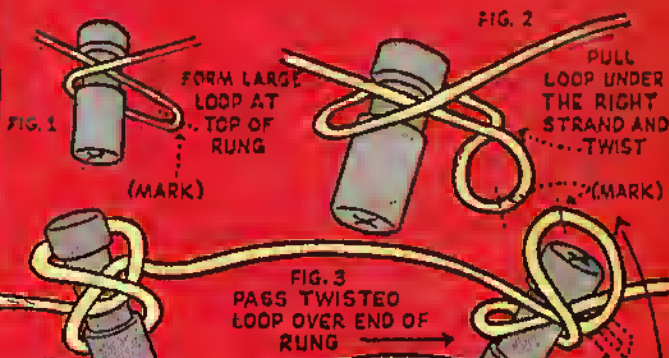
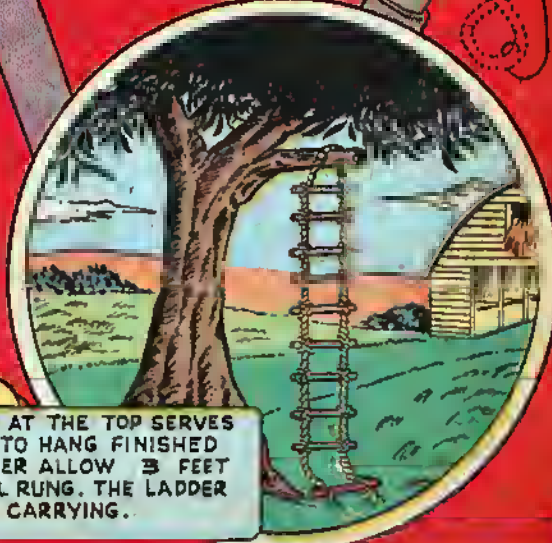


FIG. 4  
KNOT AS IT APPEARS BEFORE ENDS ARE PULLED TIGHT

FIG. 5  
KNOT WHEN PULLED TIGHT

5. THE FOUR FEET OF ROPE AT THE TOP SERVES AS A HOOK FROM WHICH TO HANG FINISHED LADDER. FOR A LONGER LADDER ALLOW 3 FEET OF ROPE FOR EACH ADDITIONAL RUNG. THE LADDER CAN BE ROLLED UP FOR EASY CARRYING.







**SCOOTER TOWNS**, Bill Ames, and Ralph Cotton planned for weeks to go hunting in the Oregon Cascades when the mule-deer season opened. Scooter said he'd furnish the transportation with his model A.

Bill said, "I'll get the rifles and ammunition. Dad's got several secondhand 30-30's in the store he's not fussy about." Bill's father owned a combination sporting goods-hardware store.

Scooter and Bill looked at Ralph. "Guess the grocery department's up to you," Scooter said innocently.

Even then, Ralph didn't suspect anything. He nodded. "I'll get plenty of grub for three days' camping."

They left on Friday afternoon. They had about two hundred and fifty miles to go and had traveled nearly half the distance, before the blow fell on Ralph.

"I'm hungry already," Scooter remarked, winking at Bill. "Hope you've got a good supper planned, Ralph."

"Who—? Me?" Ralph protested. "I agreed to furnish the chuck, not cook it. What you're thinking is out!"

"I'm getting hungry, too," Bill said, looking hopefully at Ralph. "Steaks, I hope? And coffee, and maybe canned peaches—?"

Ralph began a slow burn. It wasn't that he hated to cook. The thing that bothered him was the fact that camp cook has to stick close to the camp site.

Late that afternoon they pulled into the camp site on a little peninsula that jutted out into Clear Lake. It was a quiet place of wild beauty.

Ralph said sourly, "Bet there's a million ants and mosquitoes to chaw on a guy."

Bill and Scooter grinned. "Don't take it so hard, Cookie," Bill soothed.

For supper Ralph served canned beans, canned corn, bread and butter, and canned peaches. Scooter and Bill were pointedly polite to him through the meal. "A cook has some prestige," Ralph thought with a small glow of pride at his accomplishment.

That first morning, after breakfast prepared by a surly Ralph, Scooter turned to Bill and said offhandedly, "I like my coffee kinda strong, don't you, Bill?"

Ralph could take a hint when he wanted to. He realized he'd forgotten to make breakfast coffee. But they'd trapped him into being cookie, hadn't they? Well, let them suffer!

The western hunting-camp cook has the job of straightening up camp. Then he has to stick close to guard the supplies against bears, wolverines, and other camp marauders. That was what Ralph objected to. There wasn't much he could do about it. He'd been voted cookie by a two-to-one majority. Such are the hardships of a democratic friendship.

As he was leaving camp, Bill said, "Better bake bread today, hadn't you, Cookie? We used the last of that store-bought stuff for sandwiches." Then, smiling blandly, he and Scooter were off to the hunt.

Ralph glared. "So—they expect me to bake bread and with no oven, only a campfire, if you please!" he thought desperately. He had to be a good sport, though, and give it a try . . .

Ralph was hard at work when he heard a



noise behind him. He glanced around and stared at his visitor, an old man with an impressive set of bushy whiskers. He was laughing at the sight of a young man with flour and dough plastered from fingertips to elbows. There was a generous amount of white smears on Ralph's face, too.

"Troubles, Bub?" the old-timer asked.

Ralph knew the old man expected no reply, for he had seen the results. It was a soggy mess Ralph had baked in the frying pan, a kind of giant hot-cake. It hadn't been a success.

Whiskers explained he was the region's game warden. He'd come over to have a look at the new campers—he'd seen smoke from their fire.

"Let's see if I can give you a hand at that," he offered.

Whiskers showed Ralph how it should be done. He emptied the contents of the two-pound coffee can into a paper bag and retrieved two empty milk cans that had been thrown away. He punched holes in the center of the tops and bottoms of all three cans. Ralph, mystified, watched. Whiskers removed the labels from the milk tins, washed, and then greased them. He rolled some of Ralph's biscuit dough onto them about one-half inch thick. He finished the job by inserting the milk tins end to end in the coffee can, slid a wire through the center holes of all three cans, put on the large can's top, then shaped one end of the wire shaft into a crank handle. The wire was stout enough to support the weight of the tins and dough when it was placed over the fire, the wire resting on forked sticks. When the outfit was set up over the campfire, it worked something like a barbecue.

Every minute or two, Whiskers gave the crank handle a turn, shifting the surface of the large can that was closest to the fire. Fifteen minutes after the makeshift oven went on the fire, it was off. The bread was golden brown and fluffy. Ralph could hardly believe his eyes.

"Meat, now, an' you're fixed," Whiskers said. "Them two jump dogs of yours should be runnin' a buck down this-a-way before long. Let's go."

"We haven't any jump dogs," Ralph protested, knowing it's against the law to hunt deer with dogs.

"Your pards are what I meant," the old-timer said, grinning. "They'll be scaring a mule-buck down that canyon yonder, or I miss my guess. We'll wait till he comes by."

Ralph liked the idea of Bill and Scooter sweating, acting as jump dogs to run a buck his way. Whiskers seemed to know what he was about. Ralph grabbed his rifle and followed the old man.

Long shadows were creeping over the lake when Bill and Scooter dragged into camp, empty-handed. Ralph was whistling a cheerful tune. The coffee pot chuckled to itself while the large frying pan sizzled an accompaniment. The satisfying aroma of frying meat, fresh bread, and coffee mingled with the piny air.

Scooter sniffed experimentally, shook his head, and sniffed again. Bill and Scooter's eyes met. The two leaped at the frying pan and swept the lid aside.

Ralph tried to act nonchalant. "We've got venison steak for supper," he announced calmly. Then they knew Ralph, the cookie, had bagged a mule-deer!

They couldn't help but notice the contrast. Ralph was fresh as a daisy, clean, well-fed; they were tired, hungry, had blistered feet—and no deer.

"I wanna be cookie!" Scooter gulped. "Let me cook tomorrow, huh, pal?"

"Hey, what about me? It's my turn next!" Bill said.

Ralph had the last word, "Yeah, I'll let you guys cook—next year!"

THE END



# CAMPFIRE OVEN

**1. THE MATERIALS NEEDED TO BUILD THIS PRACTICAL OVEN ARE:**

- ONE EMPTY COFFEE CAN, WITH REMOVABLE COVER.
- TWO EMPTY CONDENSED MILK TINS.
- ONE 1 INCH SQUARE METAL ROD, 4 FT. LONG.
- TWO FORKED BRANCHES (LENGTH IS DETERMINED BY HEIGHT OF FLAME).



**2. HERE'S HOW TO PREPARE THE MATERIAL**  
FIRST REMOVE LABELS FROM ALL THE CANS AND THEN IN THE MANNER ILLUSTRATED, FIND AND MARK THE EXACT CENTER OF THE TOPS AND BOTTOMS OF EACH CAN.

FIG. 1



TO FIND CENTER  
DRAW A CROSS  
WITH YOUR  
PENCIL



FIG. 2

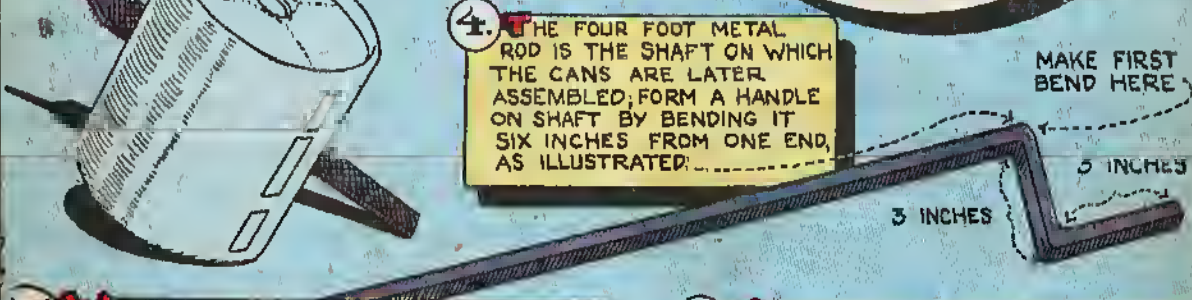
THEN DRILL  $\frac{1}{2}$  INCH  
HOLES THROUGH  
BOTH ENDS OF  
EACH CAN AND THE  
COVER AND BOTTOM  
OF THE COFFEE  
CAN

**3. NOW DRAW A  $\frac{1}{2}$  IN. SQUARE BOX AROUND THE  $\frac{1}{2}$  IN. HOLES AND THEN CUT OUT THE SQUARES WITH EITHER A METAL SHEARS OR FILE.**



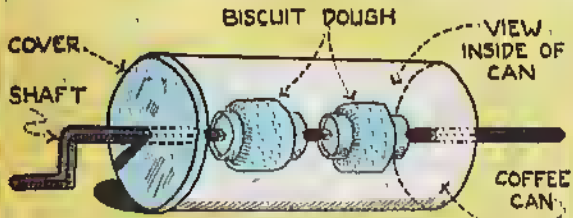
FILE HOLES SQUARE ON  
BOTH ENDS OF EACH CAN

**4. THE FOUR FOOT METAL ROD IS THE SHAFT ON WHICH THE CANS ARE LATER ASSEMBLED; FORM A HANDLE ON SHAFT BY BENDING IT SIX INCHES FROM ONE END, AS ILLUSTRATED:**



MAKE FIRST  
BEND HERE

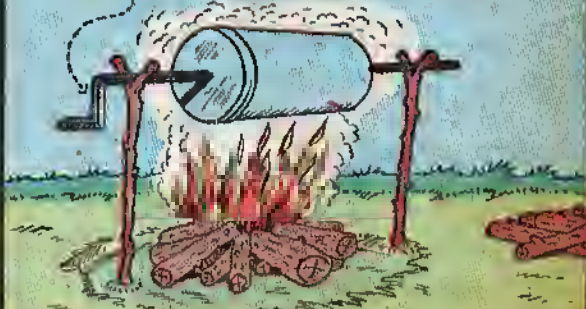
**5. WASH CANS THOROUGHLY, RUB COOKING GREASE ON SMALL MILK CANS, AND ROLL  $\frac{1}{2}$  IN. THICK LAYER OF PREPARED BISCUIT DOUGH AROUND THEM. THEN ASSEMBLE OVEN AS ILLUSTRATED:**



SLIP PARTS ONTO SHAFT IN THE FOLLOWING ORDER: FIRST THE COVER OF THE COFFEE CAN, THEN THE TWO MILK CANS (WITH THE BISCUIT DOUGH ON) AND THEN THE COFFEE CAN WHICH COVERS AND CLOSES THE OVEN.

**6. GET A GOOD FIRE GOING AND THEN STAKE TWO FORKED BRANCHES ON BOTH SIDES OF THE FIRE (3 FT. APART) AND LAY THE OVEN ACROSS THE THEM.**

TURN HANDLE EVERY FEW MINUTES  
SO BISCUITS ARE BROWNED EVENLY





DID YOU HEAR ABOUT  
MY POP'S TEETH  
FALLING OUT WHILE  
HE WAS PLAYING  
TENNIS??

YEAH-I UNDERSTAND  
HE LOST THE WHOLE  
SET!!!

TENNIS  
MATCH..  
HYMIN LOVE  
VS.  
MATT RACKER

Sterling Silver

# SADDLE RING

Authentic replica of championship  
rodeo saddle! Handsomely formed  
from solid Sterling Silver by expert  
silver craftsmen. Men's, Women's,  
Children's styles. Sent on approval

SEND NO MONEY! Just clip ad and mail  
with name, address, ring size and style. Pay post-  
man only \$2.99 plus few cents postage on arrival.  
Or send cash and we mail postpaid. Wait for 3  
days. If not delighted, return for full refund.

WESTERN CRAFTSMEN • Dept. 239 Omaha 2, Nebraska

**\$2.99**  
POST  
PAID  
(TX 6401)

HOW'S THAT CHERRY TREE  
YOU HAVE IN YOUR YARD??

JUST  
PEACHY!!

WHAT ARE YOU GONNA  
DO WHEN YOU GROW  
UP TO BE A BIG  
MAN LIKE HIM?

DIET!!!

MIDNIGHT STAR

BLU  
STO

WHEN I GET  
BIG, I'M GONNA  
DRIVE A TANK!!

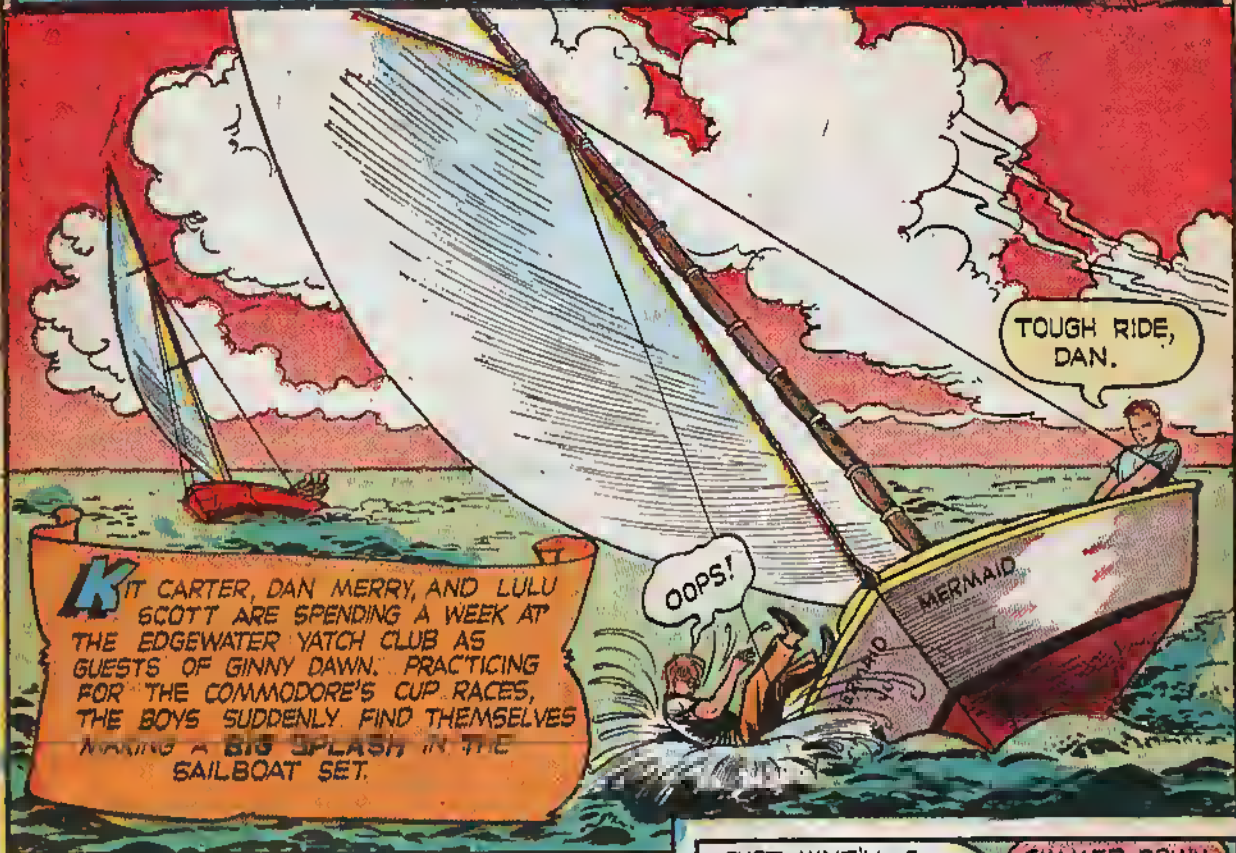
O.K., I WON'T  
STAND IN YOUR WAY!!

MICK HAMMER

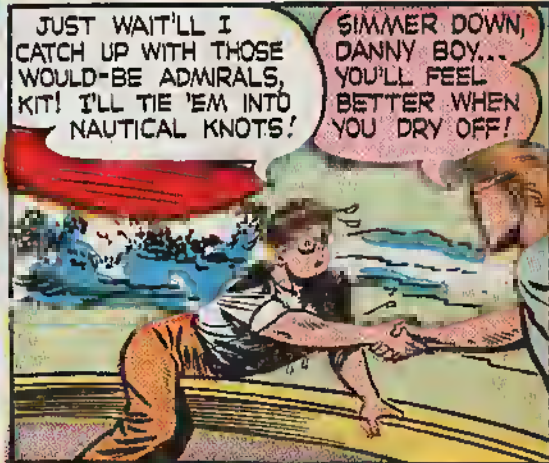
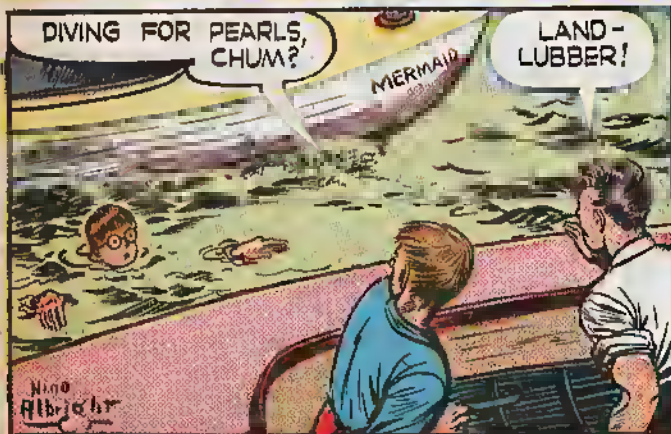


# THE CADET

Featuring **KIT CARTER**



**K**IT CARTER, DAN MERRY, AND LULU SCOTT ARE SPENDING A WEEK AT THE EDGEWATER YACHT CLUB AS GUESTS OF GINNY DAWN. PRACTICING FOR THE COMMODORE'S CUP RACES, THE BOYS SUDDENLY FIND THEMSELVES MAKING A BIG SPLASH IN THE SAILBOAT SET.





GINNY AND LULU ARE WAITING AT THE PIER--

HI, BOYS! HOW  
DID MY BOAT  
BEHAVE?

LIKE A BUCKING BRONCO,  
GINNY! I THINK SHE MISSED  
HER MISTRESS!



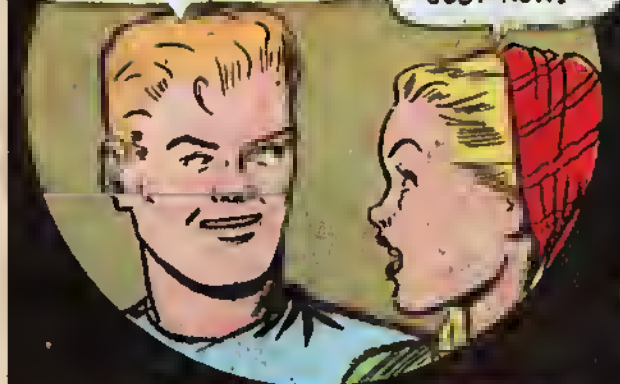
SILLY! YOU'LL GET  
THE HANG OF IT! WHY,  
DAN! WHAT HAPPENED?

I GOT  
DUNKED!



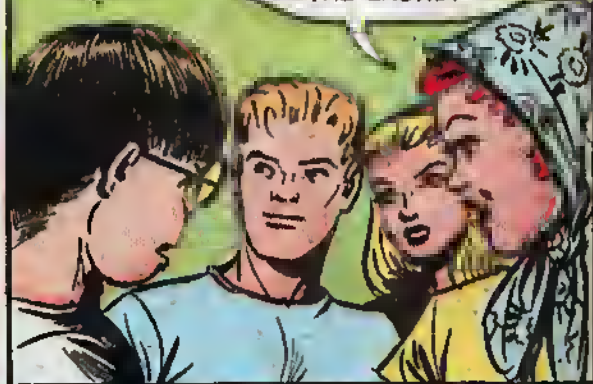
DAN'S MAD BECAUSE  
A COUPLE OF YOUR  
YATCH CLUB PALS GAVE  
HIM THE HORSE LAUGH  
WHEN HE FELL OVERBOARD!

SO THAT'S  
WHAT ALVIN  
PHELPS WAS  
SPLITTING  
HIS SIDES ABOUT  
JUST NOW!



BETTER  
HE SHOULD  
SPLIT  
HIS HEAD!

ALVIN'S ONE OF THOSE  
SPOILED BRATS WITH A  
PERSONALITY LIKE THE INSIDE OF  
YOUR POCKET, BUT HE IS  
THE BEST SAILOR IN  
THE CROWD!



MASTER PHELPS IS  
THE FAVORITE TO WIN  
THE COMMODORE'S CUP  
TOMORROW. ISN'T  
THAT RIGHT, GINNY?

YES--AND  
WITH THAT  
THOUSAND-  
DOLLAR BOAT  
OF HIS, HOW  
CAN HE LOSE?



YES--  
HOW CAN  
HE LOSE!

COME ON, WE'VE JUST  
TIME TO EAT AND GET  
READY FOR THE DANCE  
TONIGHT!



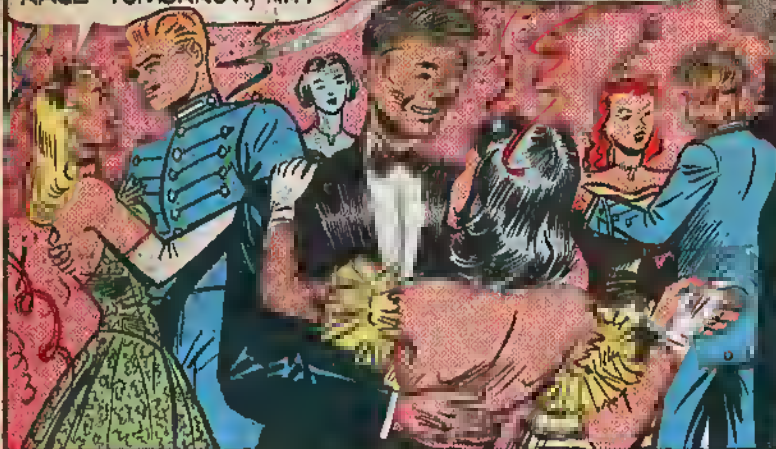
Q No. 10. Ginny will be a Terpsichorean. What's that? Answer is indicated in last picture.



**That NIGHT AT THE DANCE...**

HOPE MY BOAT BRINGS  
YOU GOOD LUCK IN THE  
RACE TOMORROW, KIT!

I WISH YOU WERE  
MY CREW, GINNY. AS A  
SAILOR, DAN'S A DARN  
GOOD CADET!



**ALVIN PHELPS STEPS ON  
GINNY'S GOWN.**

OOH! MY GOWN!



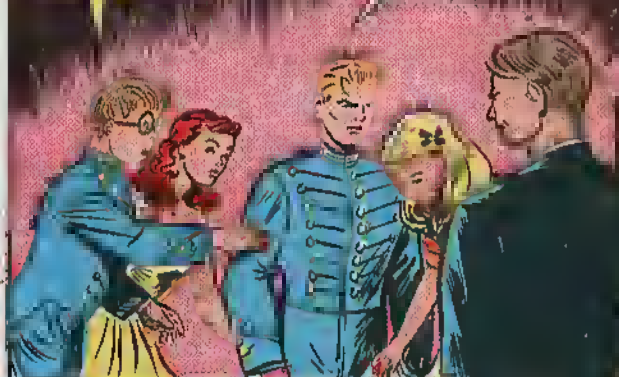
WHY DON'T YOU LOOK  
WHERE YOU'RE GOING,  
CARTER? YOU DANCE  
WORSE THAN YOU SAIL!

MAYBE, BUT MY  
DANCING ISN'T AS  
BAD AS YOUR  
MANNERS, PHELPS!



WE SAW THE  
WHOLE THING, KIT.  
IT'S HIS FAULT!

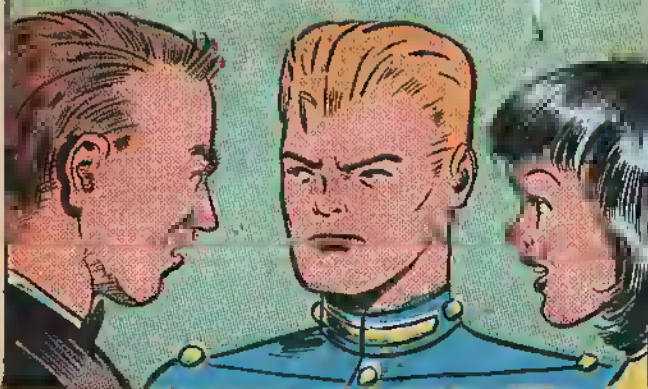
THANKS, DAN. WELL,  
PHELPS -- AREN'T YOU  
GOING TO APOLOGIZE  
TO GINNY?



I? A PHELPS?  
APOLOGIZE?  
NEVER!

THEN YOU'D  
BETTER  
STEP  
OUTSIDE--

GO AHEAD,  
ALVIN. CALL  
HIS  
BLUFF!



**A FEW SECONDS LATER, ALVIN RETURNS.**

I'LL GET EVEN WITH THAT CORNY CADET!  
I'LL MAKE HIM LOOK FOOLISH IN THAT HOME-  
MADE SCOW HE CALLS A BOAT.





AFTER THE DANCE--

BOY, THAT WAS SOME HAYMAKER  
YOU HUNG ON FRIEND ALVIN!

UMMM--

HEY, YOU'VE HAD YOUR NOSE IN THOSE  
MANUALS FOR TWO HOURS. AREN'T  
YOU EVER GOING TO BED?

I'M CRAMMING FOR OUR SAILING EXAM  
TOMORROW.

BUT WE'RE ON  
VACATION, REMEM--  
OH, I GET IT! YOU  
MEAN THE RACE!

THAT'S  
RIGHT.

WASTE NOT THE MIDNIGHT OIL,  
MY FRIEND--WE HAVEN'T A  
CHANCE AGAINST ALVIN AND  
THAT THOUSAND-DOLLAR KNICK-  
KNACK HE'S SAILING.

MAYBE NOT-- BUT I'D SURE  
LIKE TO TAKE THE WIND OUT  
OF THAT SPOILED BRAT'S  
SAILS!

NEXT DAY AT RACE TIME, KIT AND DAN SHOVE OFF FOR THE  
STARTING LINE--

GOOD  
LUCK,  
BOYS.

AND DON'T GET  
DUNKED, DANNY!

Q No. 11. How long does it usually take for the tide to come in and go out?

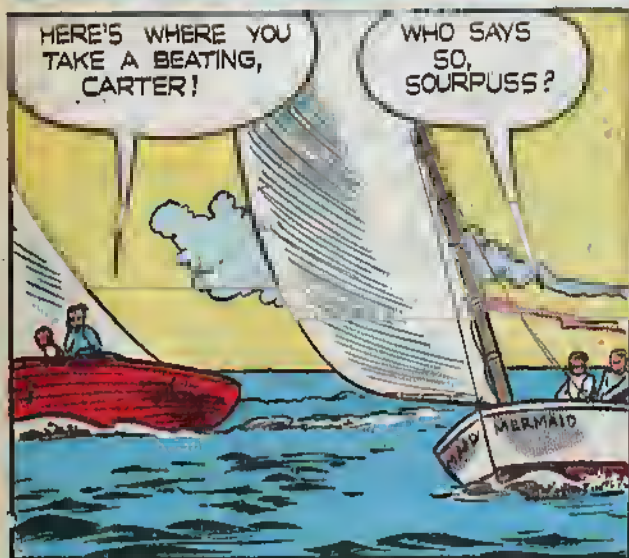


FEW MINUTES LATER, THE BOOM OF THE STARTER'S GUN SENDS THE GRACEFUL, WHITE-SAILED CRAFT ON THEIR STRAIGHT TEN-MILE COURSE ACROSS THE SOUND.

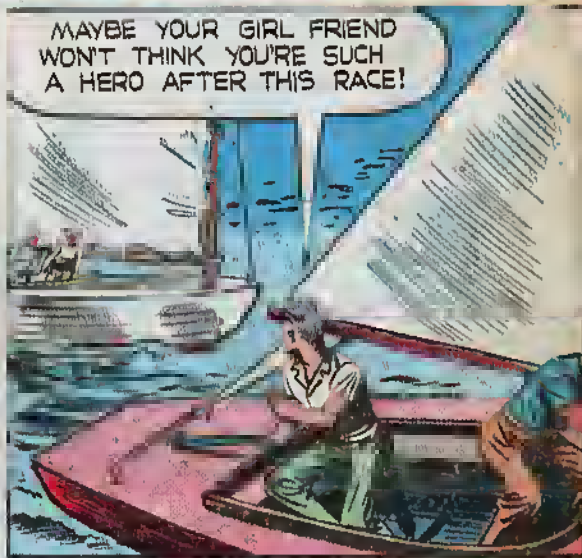


HERE'S WHERE YOU TAKE A BEATING, CARTER!

WHO SAYS SO, SOURPUSS?



MAYBE YOUR GIRL FRIEND WON'T THINK YOU'RE SUCH A HERO AFTER THIS RACE!



MAYBE IF WE HAD A PUSH-BUTTON BOAT LIKE YOURS, WE COULD SAIL BACKWARDS AND WIN!



IN A FEW MINUTES, ALVIN PHELPS'S RED CRAFT HAS OPENED A SIZABLE LEAD.



A 11. About 12 hours 25 minutes! 5 hrs. 27 min. each for in and out, with 1 hr. 31 min. interval.

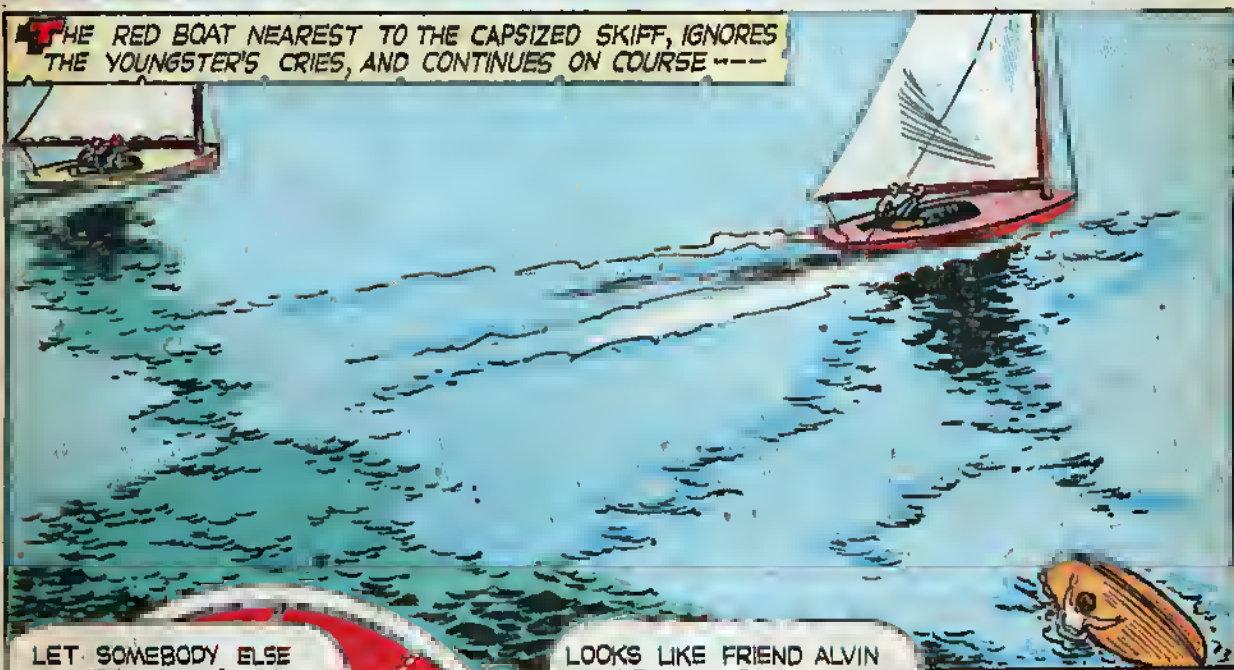
**SUDDENLY--**

LOOK, KIT!  
A KID  
HANGING  
ON TO THAT  
SKIFF!

HELP!



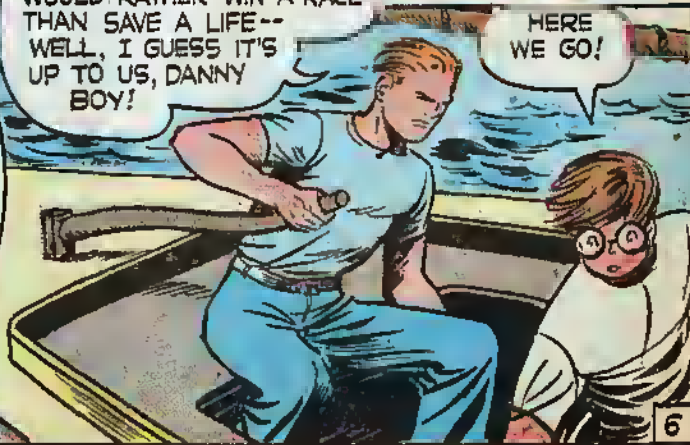
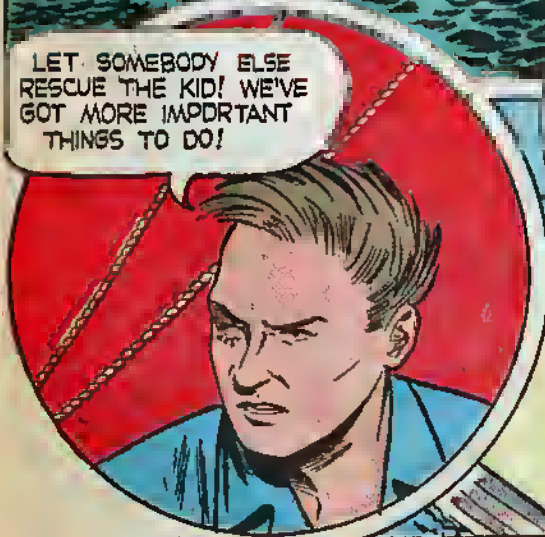
**THE RED BOAT NEAREST TO THE CAPSIZED SKIFF, IGNORES THE YOUNGSTER'S CRIES, AND CONTINUES ON COURSE----**



LET SOMEBODY ELSE  
RESCUE THE KID! WE'VE  
GOT MORE IMPORTANT  
THINGS TO DO!

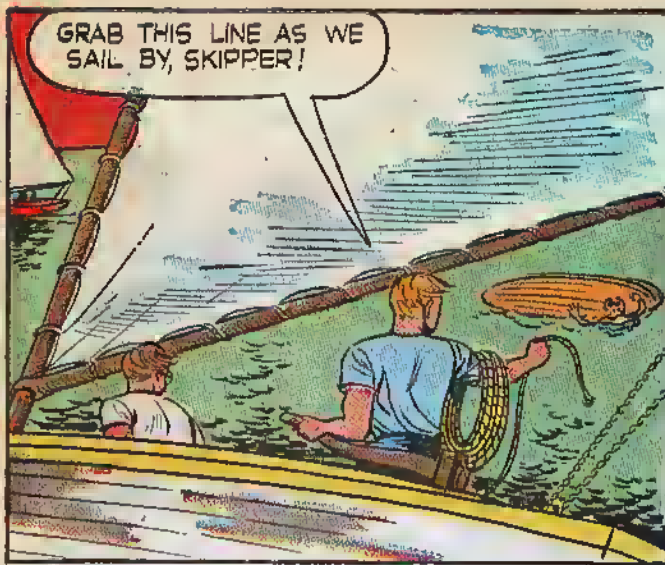
LOOKS LIKE FRIEND ALVIN  
WOULD RATHER WIN A RACE  
THAN SAVE A LIFE--  
WELL, I GUESS IT'S  
UP TO US, DANNY  
BOY!

HERE  
WE GO!

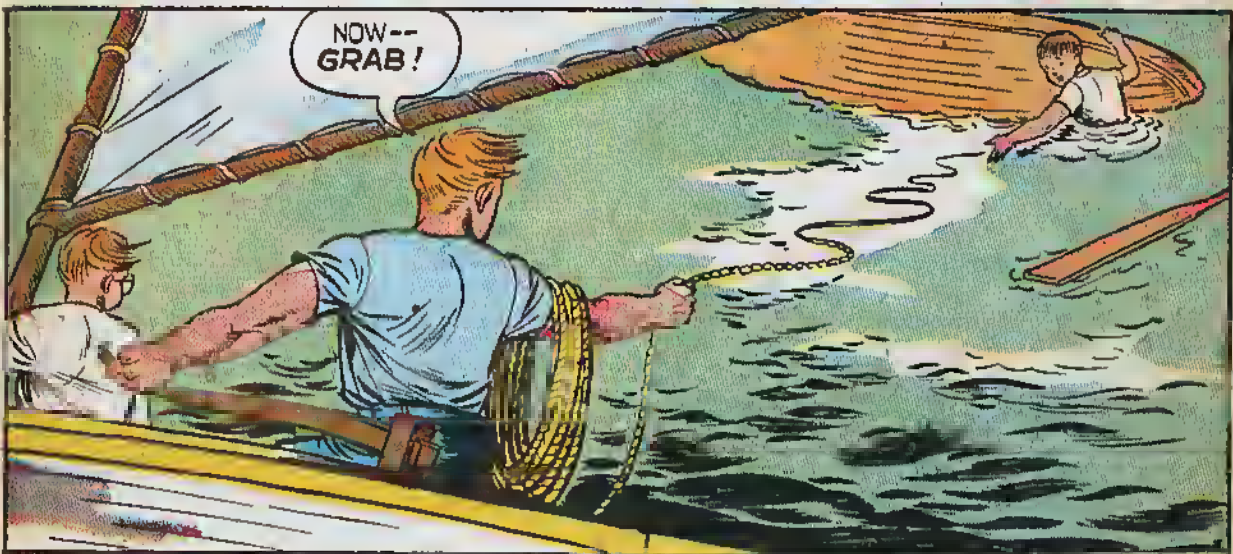
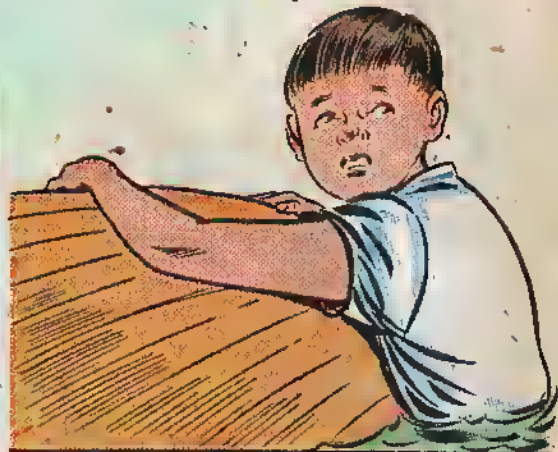


**Q No. 12. The handle that Kit has in his hand is called what?**

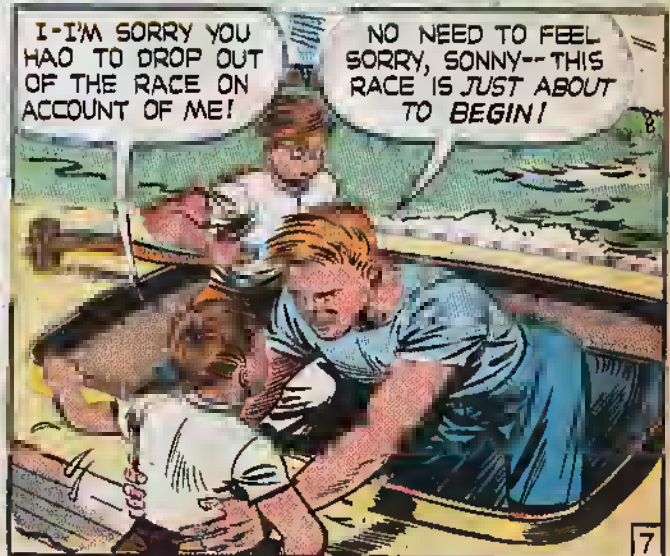




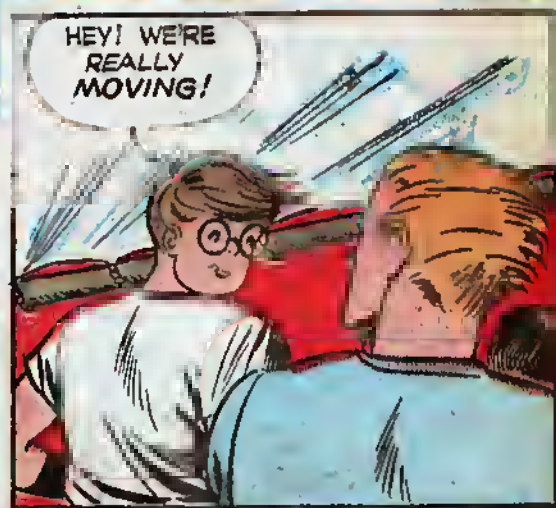
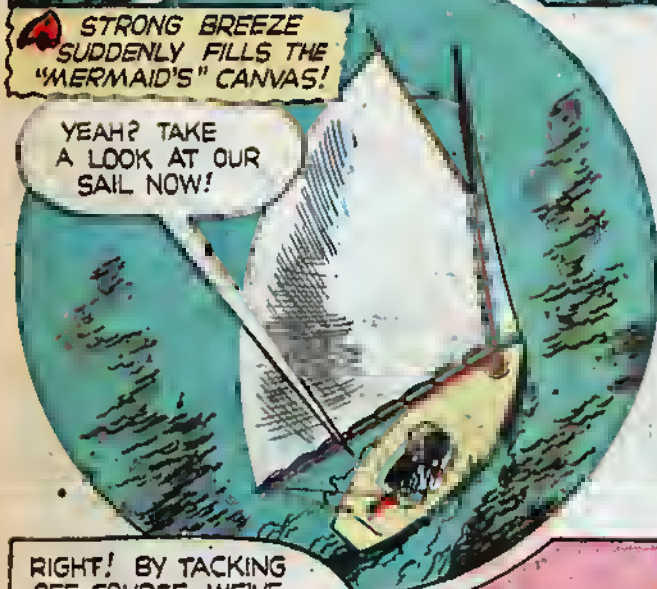
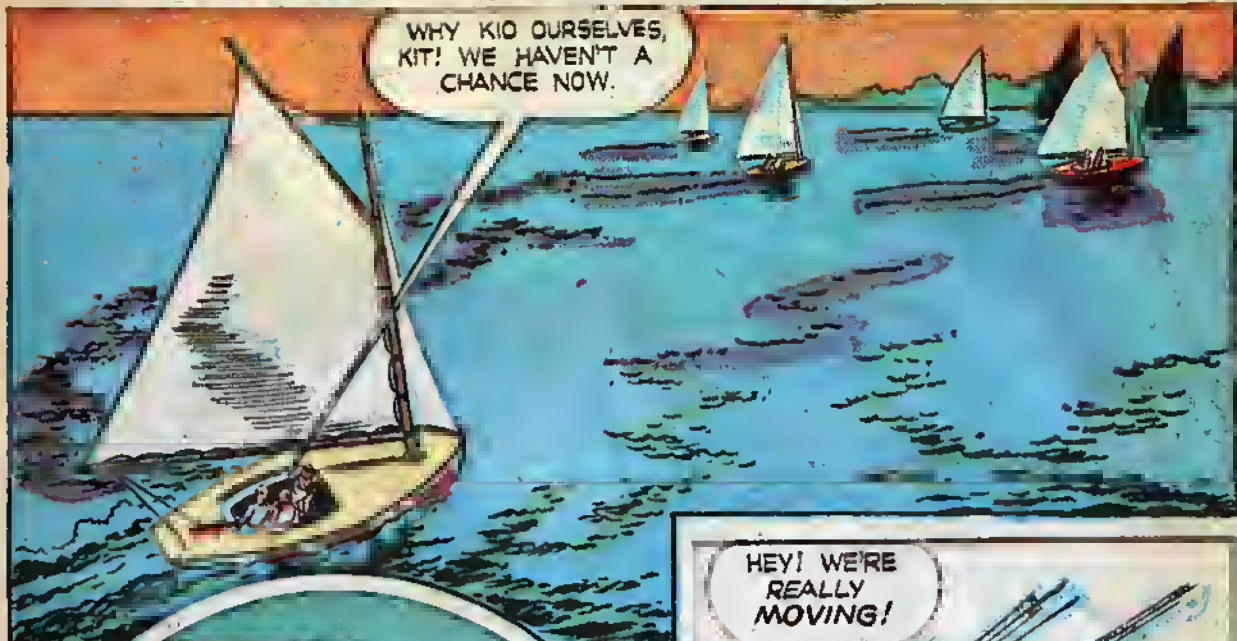
I'LL TRY!



GOT IT!

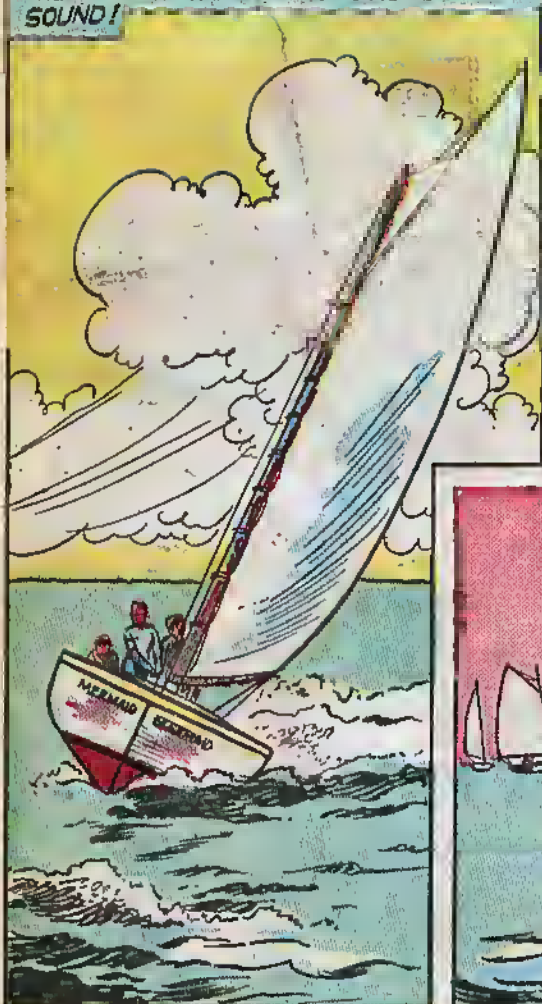


NO NEED TO FEEL SORRY, SONNY-- THIS RACE IS JUST ABOUT TO BEGIN!

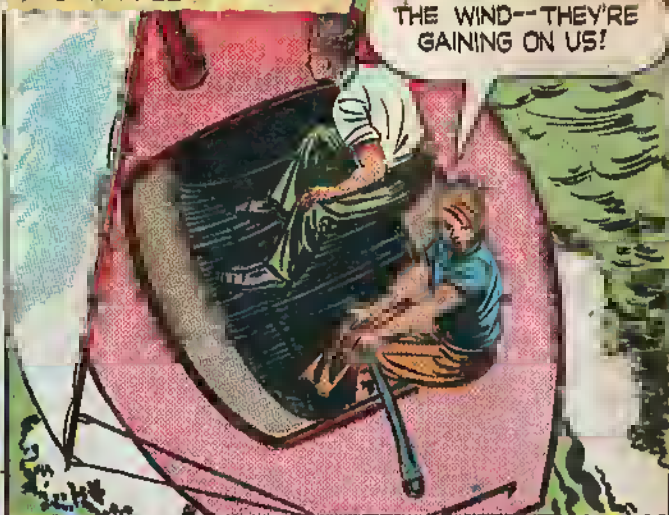




**SPURRED BY THE FAVORABLE BREEZE, THE "MERMAID" FAIRLY FLIES ACROSS THE WHITE-CAPPED WATERS OF THE SOUND!**



**AND IN PHELPS'S BOAT---**



**THEY'VE GOT THE WIND--THEY'RE GAINING ON US!**



**KEEP IT UP KIT!**

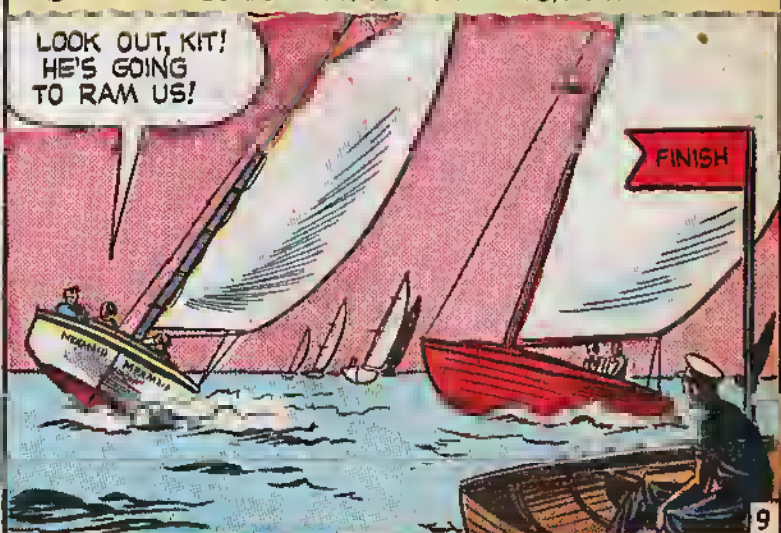
**WE MAY MAKE IT, DAN!**

**I'LL FIX THOSE CADETS!**



**AS THE TWO BOATS APPROACH THE FINISH LINE---**

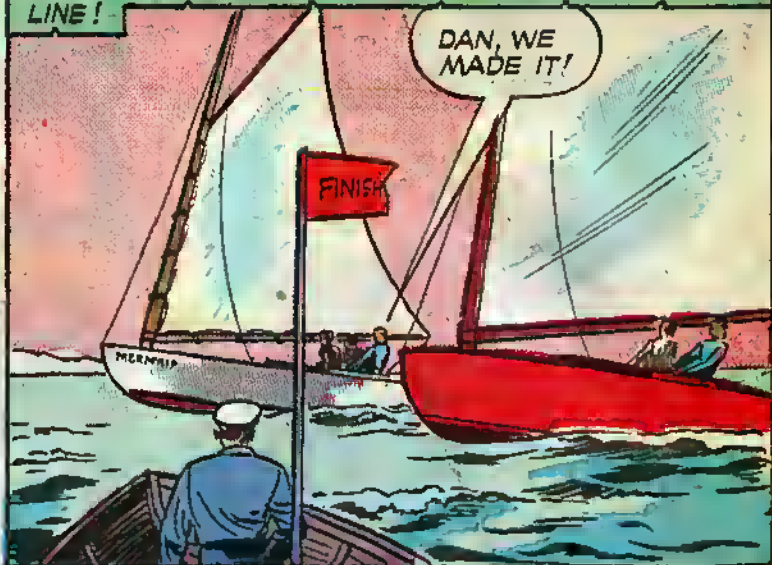
**LOOK OUT, KIT! HE'S GOING TO RAM US!**



**K**IT JAMS THE TILLER HARD  
TO PORT--

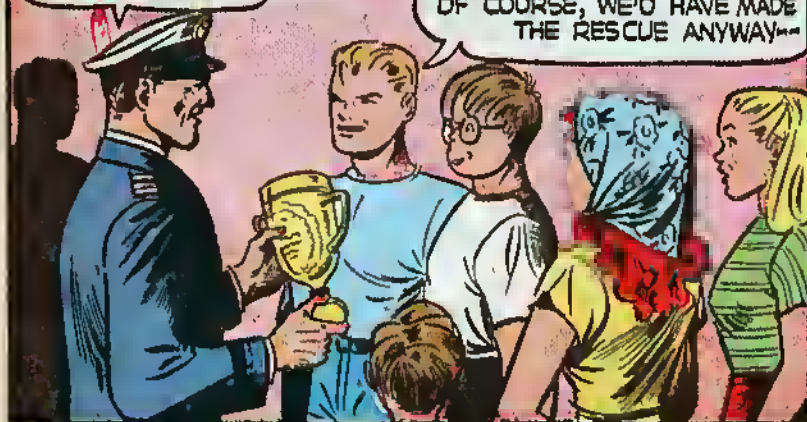


--AND THE "MERMAID" AVOIDS COLLISION BY INCHES  
AS SHE OUTRACES HER RIVAL ACROSS THE FINISH  
LINE!



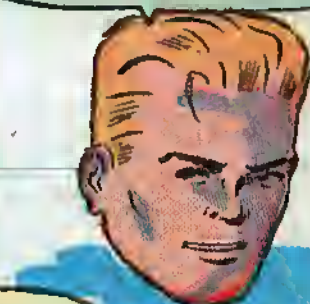
**L**ATER, KIT AND DAN RECEIVE  
THE WINNER'S TROPHY--

--NOT ONLY FOR YOUR THRILLING  
VICTORY, BUT ALSO FOR YOUR  
HEROIC RESCUE!

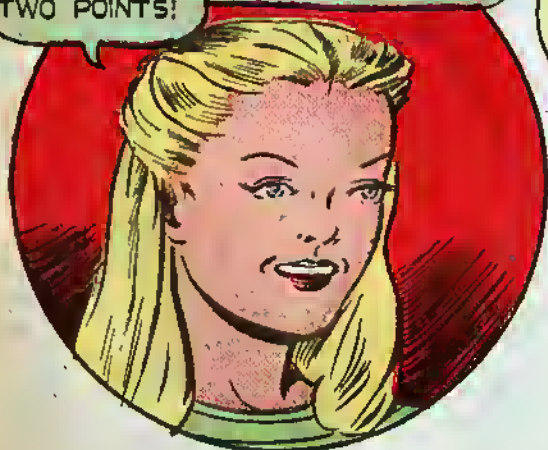


THANK YOU, COMMODORE!  
OF COURSE, WE'D HAVE MADE  
THE RESCUE ANYWAY--

--BUT I MUST ADMIT THAT I  
KNEW FROM STUDYING THE  
WIND-AND-TIDE CHARTS, THAT  
WE STOOD A GOOD CHANCE  
OF GETTING A STRONG WIND  
BY TACKLING OFF COURSE!



PROVING THAT A STRAIGHT LINE  
MAY BE THE SHORTEST--BUT NOT  
THE QUICKEST--DISTANCE BETWEEN  
TWO POINTS!



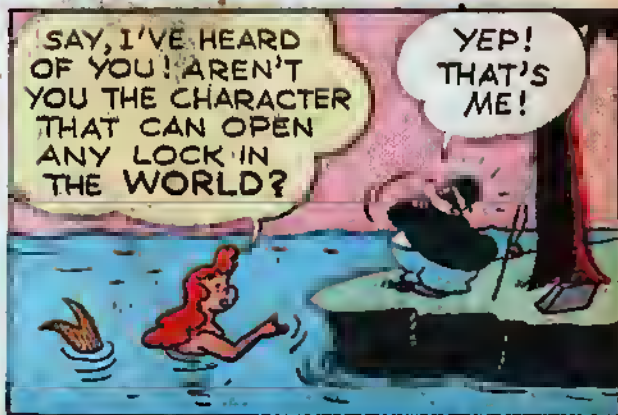
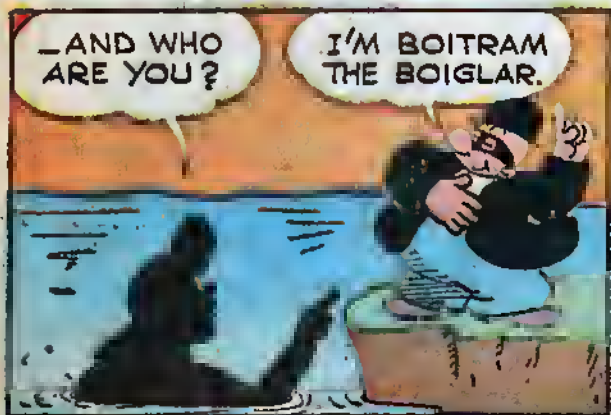
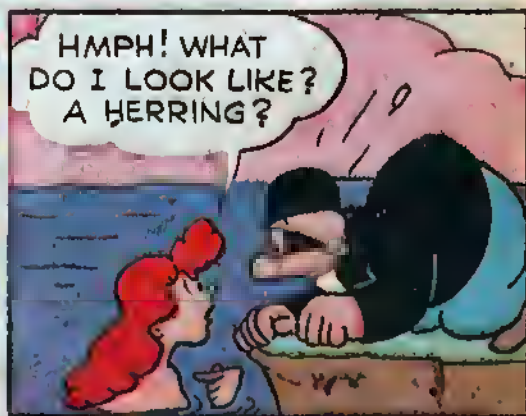
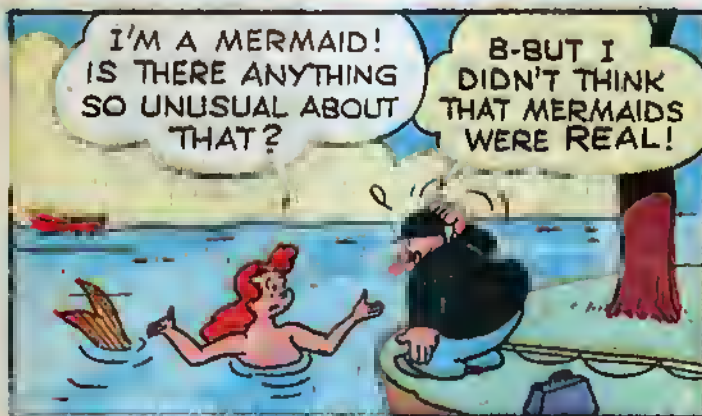
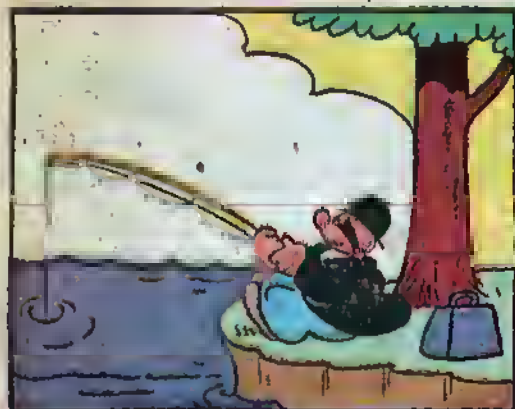
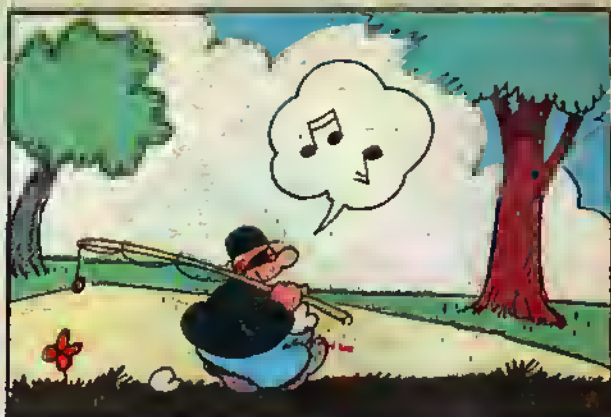
YEH-- AND PROVING  
THAT A THOUSAND-DOLLAR  
BOAT ISN'T WORTH TWO CENTS  
--IF THE GUY AT THE TILLER  
HAS A ONE TACK  
MINO!

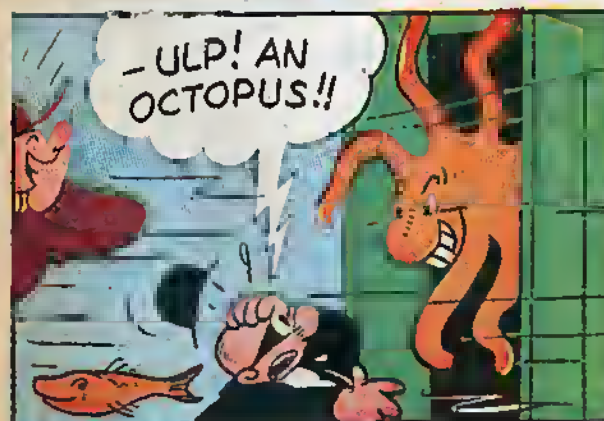
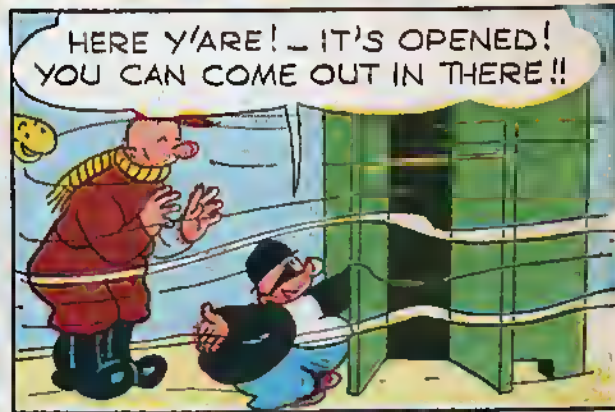
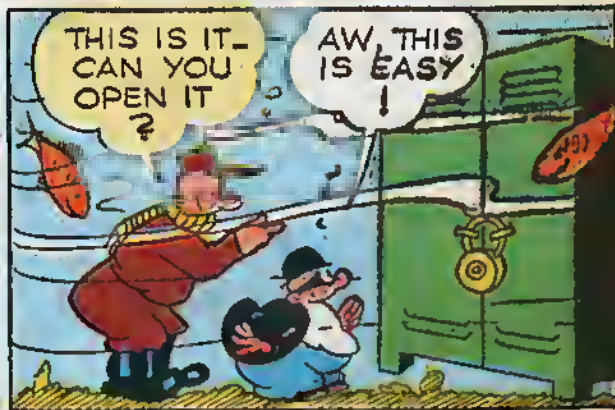
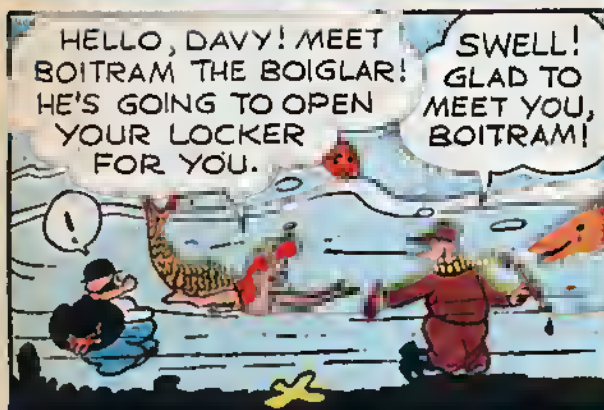
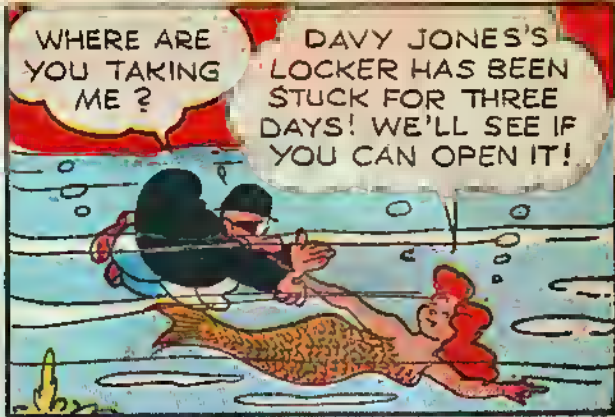
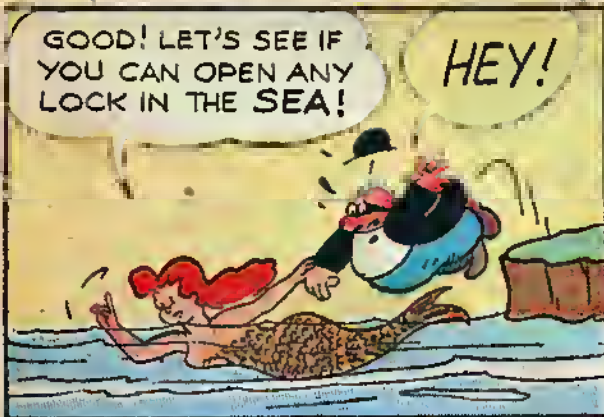




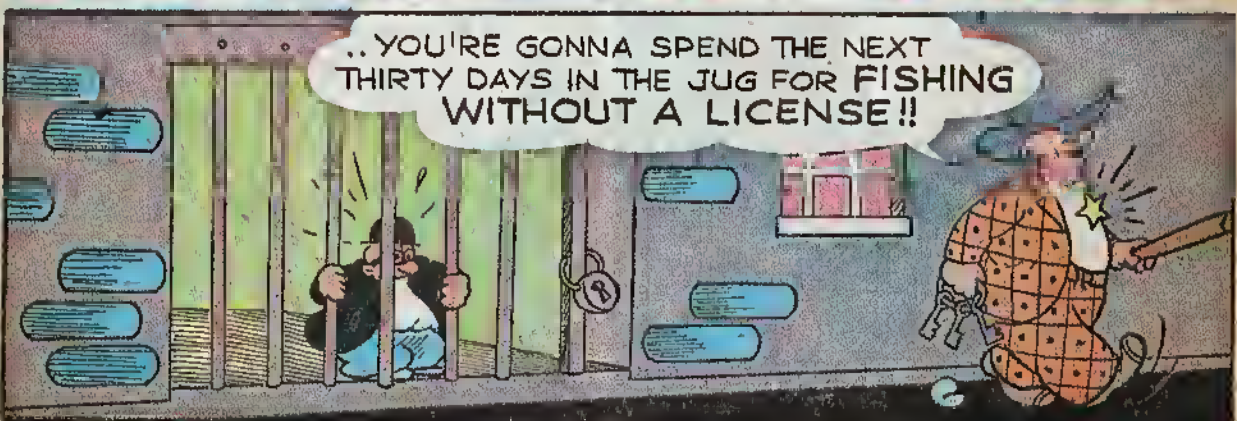
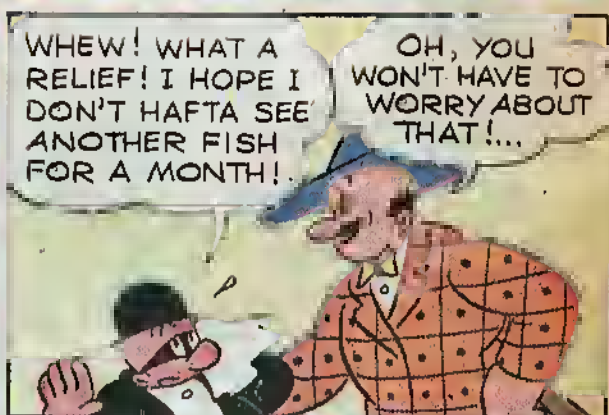
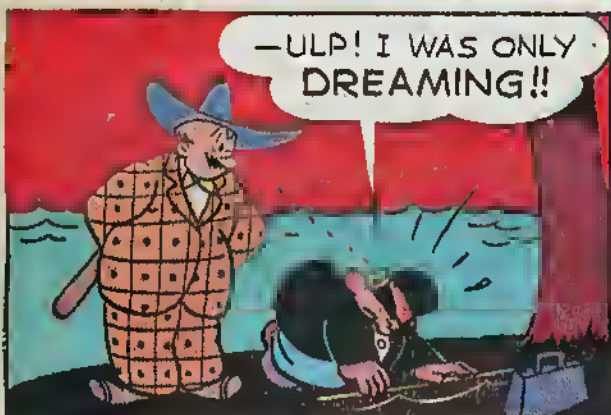
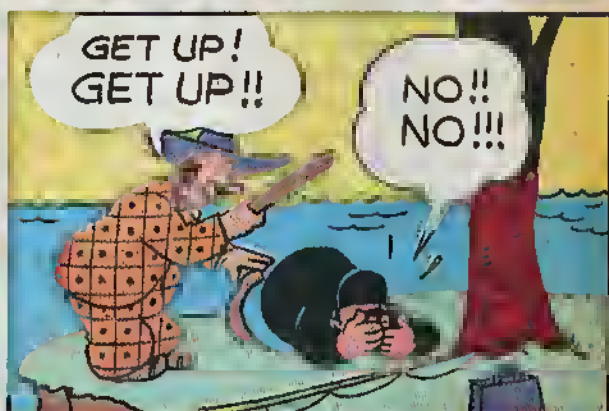
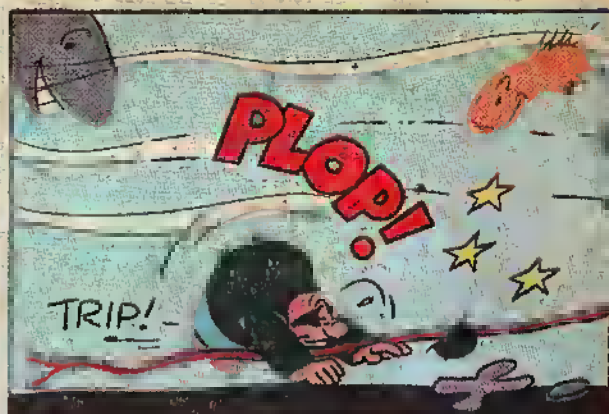
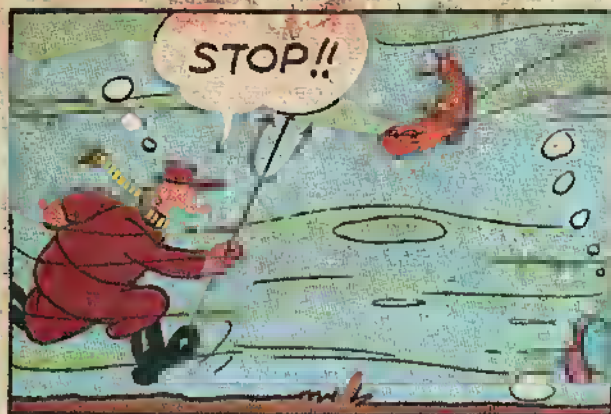
# BOITRAM THE BOIGLAR

BY ART HELFANT











# LEM GREMLIN

LEMUEL GREMLIN, ESQUIRE, ALWAYS ADEPT AT MAKING A BAD SITUATION WORSE WITH HIS MERRY MISCHIEF, TANGLES WITH SOME FEUDING HILLBILLIES WHO ARE PUT TO FLIGHT BY HIS ANTICS.



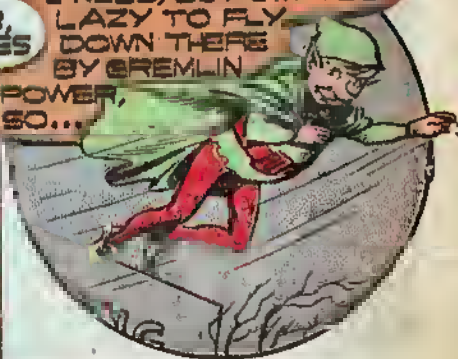
Nina Albright



BRRR! SOME FANATICS ENJOY WINTER, BUT IT LEAVES ME COLD!

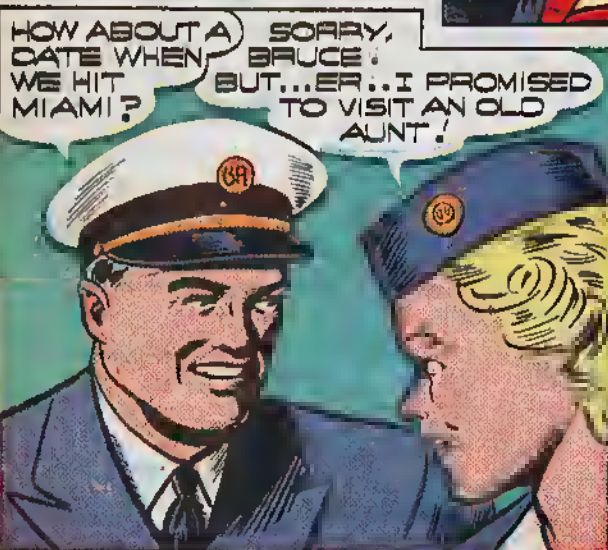
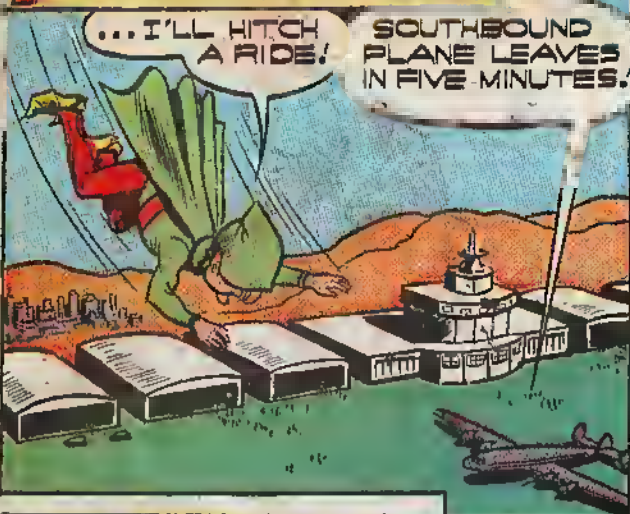
ICE SKAT TODAY

FLORIDA SUN IS WHAT I NEED, BUT I'M TOO LAZY TO FLY DOWN THERE BY GREMLIN POWER, SO...



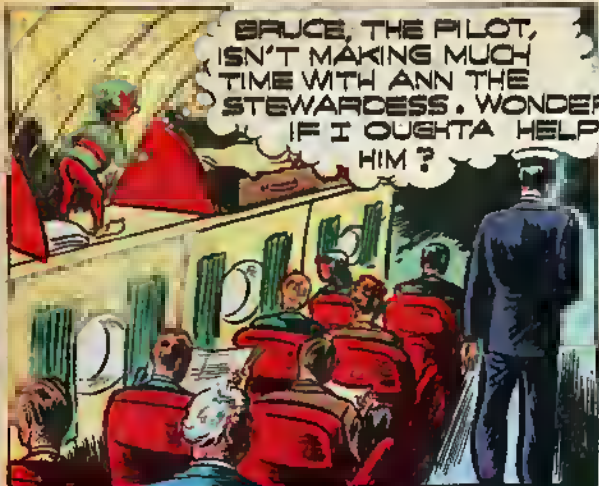


**HEM ZIPS TO THE AIRPORT...**

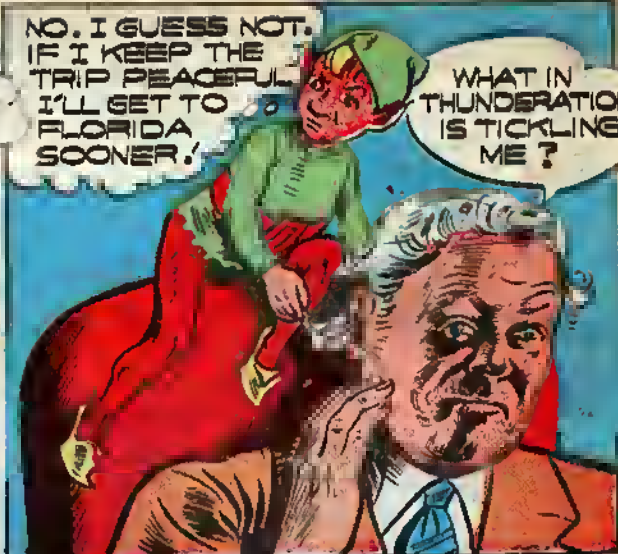


**A No. 14. Helen of Troy! She was the cause of the Trojan War**





BRUCE, THE PILOT, ISN'T MAKING MUCH TIME WITH ANN THE STEWARDESS. WONDER IF I OUGHTA HELP HIM?



NO. I GUESS NOT. IF I KEEP THE TRIP PEACEFUL I'LL GET TO FLORIDA SOONER!

WHAT IN THUNDERATION IS TICKLING ME?



YEP. I'M ALL FOR A SNOOZE AND A QUICK TRIP!

**B**UT TWO HOURS OF DOZING BORE LEM, AND HE BEGINS TO FIDGET FOR ACTION.

YOU SAY YOU WERE BORN IN SNAGTOOTH GAP, MISS HENLY?

YES, IT'S A TINY HILLSBILLY TOWN. I LEFT IT WHEN I WAS VERY YOUNG.



I'D LOVE TO VISIT IT SOME DAY... BUT I NEVER SEEM TO GET THE CHANCE!

WHY, THAT'S A SHAME!



GREMLINS ARE FAMOUS FOR THEIR ABILITY TO FOUL UP PLANES AND LEM IS NO EXCEPTION.

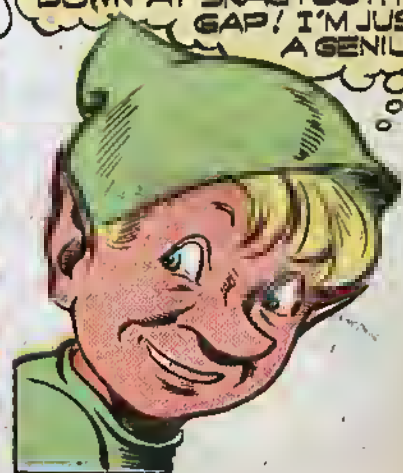
HEH! HEH! A FEW CLEVER LITTLE CHANGES IN THE MAP AND NAVIGATION INSTRUMENTS...



... PLUS A BIT OF MOTOR TROUBLE, FIXED TO HAPPEN AT JUST THE RIGHT TIME ...



... ADDS UP TO OUR PLANE BEING FORCED DOWN AT SNAGTOOTH GAP! I'M JUST A GENIUS!





**S**URE ENOUGH, THE PLANE SWINGS FAR OFF ITS REGULAR COURSE. NEAR SNAGTOOTH GAP, ONE OF THE MOTORS STARTS SPUTTERING.

HOLD TIGHT, FOLKS! I'LL SET 'ER DOWN IN THIS FIELD!



GOODNESS! LOOK! WE'RE IN SNAGTOOTH GAP!

THAT'S WAY OFF OUR COURSE! I DON'T GET IT!



WELL, I GET IT, YOU LOVESICK PUPPY! YOU DELIBERATELY TRIPPLED WITH THE COMPANY'S PROPERTY AND SCHEDULE IN ORDER TO IMPRESS MISS HENLY!

OH, BRUCE... YOU WERE FOOLISH TO DO THAT!

NOW FIX THAT PLANE! WHEN WE REACH MIAMI, YOU'RE FIRED!

WHILE THAT FOOL FIXES THE PLANE, WE MIGHT AS WELL SEE YOUR HOME TOWN, MISS HENLY!

DOGGONE IT, I'VE GOTTA HELP THAT PILOT SOMEHOW!

GOSH!



GOSH!

UHP!



HELLO! I'M ANN HENLY AND...

AWK! DID YE SAY GENERAL HENLY?

RECEPTION!

BALLS OF FIRE!

GIT OUTTA HERE, MISS! IF'N THE WACKER BOYS KNEW A HENLY STILL LIVED, THEY WOULDN'T. ZACK ARE REST A MINUTE!

YEP! JACK, MACK, 'N ORNERY CUSSES!



HEAVENS!  
IS...IS IT  
A FEUD?

HUH! THE HENLYS  
AND WACKERS  
HAVE BEEN KILLIN'  
EACH OTHER FOR  
YEARS.

YEOW! HERE  
COME THE  
WACKER  
BOYS!

YIPE! THIS  
IS FEUD FOR  
THOUGHT.



HEY, JACK! MACK.  
ZACK! THERE'S  
A HENLY IN TOWN!

DOGGONE,  
NOW WHUT DO  
WE-UNS  
DO?

SHUCKS...  
I HATE  
KILLIN',...

BUT WE'LL  
PLUMB LOSE  
OUR SOCIAL  
STANDIN' UNLESS  
WE ACT TOUGH.

STEP UP,  
HENLY!

I'M  
HENLY... WHAT  
DO YOU PUNKS  
WANT?

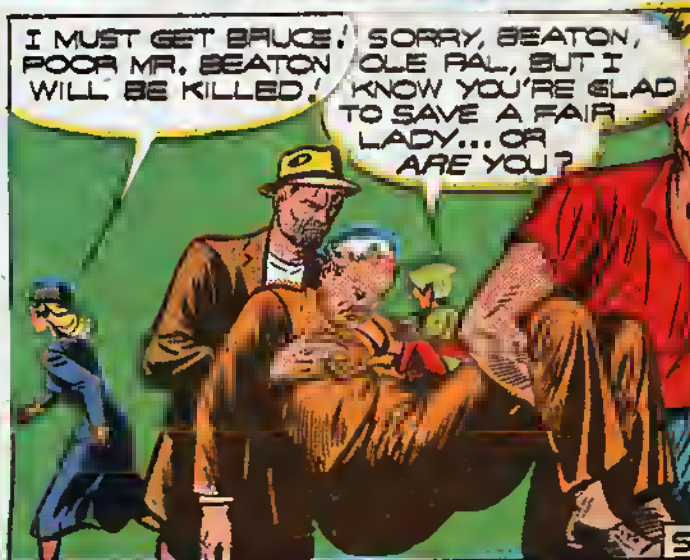
HUH?



WE'LL DRAG THE POLECAT  
UP TO THE SHACK, AND FINISH  
HIM OFF THERE!

I MUST GET BRUCE!  
POOR MR. BEATON!  
I WILL BE KILLED!

SORRY, BEATON,  
OLE PAL, BUT I  
KNOW YOU'RE GLAD  
TO SAVE A FAIR  
LADY... OR  
ARE YOU?





**AT THE WACKER SHACK...**

LET'S SHOOT THE  
VARMINT AND GIT  
IT DONE WITH!

CAN'T SAY  
I LIKE THE  
IDEE!



CAN'T SAY BEATON LIKES  
THE IDEA EITHER, BUT THIS  
LITTLE GAS OUGHTA FIX  
THINGS!



LEM REMOVES THE  
BULLETS FROM THE  
CARTRIDGES, LEAVING  
ONLY THE POWDER  
CHARGE, THEN REPLACES  
THEM IN THE RIFLES.



THIS IS ALL A  
MISTAKE!

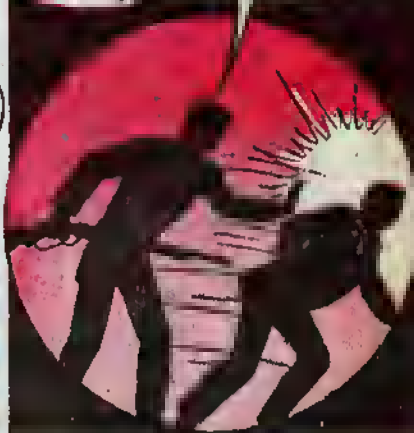
GIT  
GOIN'!

WE'RE GIVIN' YOU A  
SPORTIN' CHANCE!  
RUN ACROSS THE  
FIELD... MAYBE  
WE'LL MISS  
YOU!



WHAT  
CHANCE  
OF THAT?

NOT MUCH, LESS'N YOU  
RUN FASTER'N A  
JACK RABBIT! NOW  
GIT!



KINDA HOPE I  
MISS... BUT  
I NEVER DO!

CRACK!

CRACK!

CRACK!



AS THE RIFLES FIRE, LEM TRIPS BEATON,  
WHO IS STUNNED BY THE  
FALL.



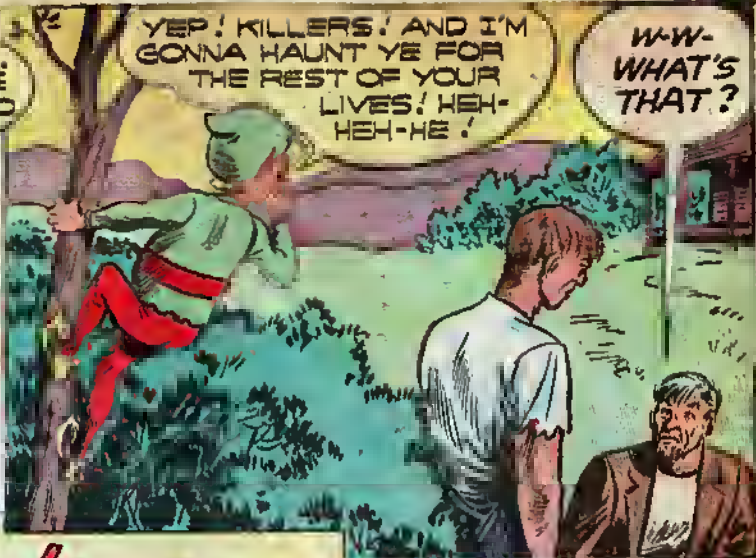
**A** No. 16. A polecat is a quadruped (4 legged) of weasel family. Called a skunk in U. S.

(GULP!) HE'S BOYS, NOW  
LYIN' MIGHTY WE-UNS ARE...  
STILL! MUST KILLERS LIKE  
BE DEAD! OUR PAPPY AND  
GRANDPAPPY.



YEP! KILLERS! AND I'M  
GONNA HAUNT YE FOR  
THE REST OF YOUR  
LIVES! HEH-  
HEH-HE!

W-W-  
WHAT'S  
THAT?



I'M YOUR CONSCIENCE!  
HEEEE-HEEEE!  
I'LL NEVER  
LEAVE YE!  
OOOOOO!

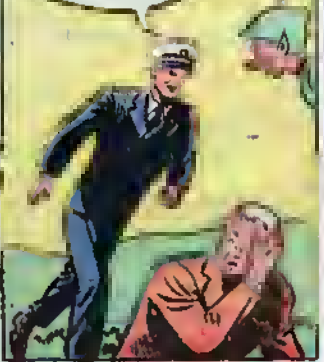


WE'RE  
HAUNTED!  
RUN, BOYS!  
THE PLACE  
IS BEWITCHED!

JUST THEN,  
HURRYING TO HELP  
MR. BEATON, BRUCE  
OUTRUNS ANN, AND  
ARRIVES FIRST!

MR. BEATON!  
THANK  
GOODNESS  
YOU'RE  
OKAY!

JUST  
THANK  
ME!



YOU'RE TERRIFIC, BRUCE!  
I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND  
HOW YOU SCARED OFF  
THOSE WILD MEN!

BUT I...

GUESS I BETTER  
KEEP MY MOUTH  
SHUT!



SOON, AIRBORNE AND  
SOUTHBOUND...

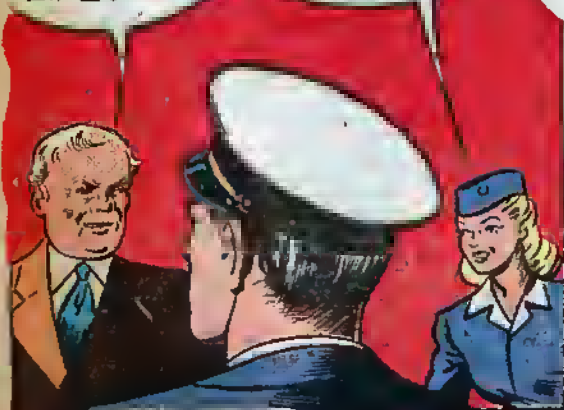
WELL, I WAS  
GONNA VISIT A  
TWENTY-SEVENTH  
COUSIN... BUT  
I GUESS I  
CAN SQUEEZE  
YOU IN!

SOUTHLAND,  
HERE  
WE COME!

DON'T WORRY  
ABOUT YOUR  
JOB! YOU  
SAVED MY  
LIFE!

WHY,  
BRUCE...  
YOU'RE  
A HERO!

BRUCE... HOW  
ABOUT A DATE  
IN MIAMI?





AMERICA'S GREATEST JUNIOR TYPEWRITER VALUE!



# famous Simplex PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

Only \$2.98  
Post Paid

A KEY FOR EACH LETTER

*It's Fast!  
It's Easy!  
It's Efficient!  
It's Accurate!*

PERFECT FOR SCHOOL WORK...  
...IDEAL FOR SMALL BUSINESSES!

Yes, it's back again... but only in limited quantities! We've managed to obtain a limited number of these fast, efficient typewriters that we can offer you at a price you can't beat! Now, for only \$2.98 you can enjoy the speed and accuracy of a Simplex Typewriter with new improved features:

- ★ Automatic Inking Operation
- ★ An Individual Key For Each Letter
- ★ Jiffy Spacing Bar
- ★ Shifts From CAPITAL to SMALL LETTERS

*Hey Kids!* ... like to make a big hit with teachers and get better grades in school? It's easy when you turn in neat, accurately typed papers. Don't delay a moment longer! Order your Simplex Portable Typewriter *today* and find out how much fun it is to do your homework the easy, time-saving way!

*Sturdy  
Steel  
Construction*

## SEND NO MONEY

Merely clip ad and mail to-day. Then pay postman only \$2.98 plus postage. Or send cash and we pay postage. If not delighted return untampered within 10 days for a speedy refund.



AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept. ST 26

## HERE'S REAL "BIG SHOT" FLASH!

Men's *Genuine* **STERLING SILVER**



*"The New Yorker"*

## Personalized INITIAL RING

Only \$3.98

With TWO  
SPARKLING  
SIMULATED  
DIAMONDS

Now you can have a massive Sterling Silver ring with YOUR OWN GOLD PLATED INITIAL and two gleaming simulated DIAMONDS at our amazingly low price! Actually compares in appearance with rings selling from \$75 to \$50 higher! Now you can appear to be as prosperous as many bankers and big city playboys who wear similar rings selling for hundreds of dollars! Why pay a fantastic sum? Order your own "personalized" initial ring now. Makes an ideal gift, too! SEND NO MONEY! Just send name, address and ring size. (String or strip of paper will do.) Then pay postman only \$3.98 plus 20¢ fed. tax and few cents postage. Or send \$4.78 and we pay postage. ACT NOW! Return in 10 days for refund if you don't agree it's the best ring buy you have ever seen.

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, INC., 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept. JB 18

YOUR SAVINGS MOUNT UP LIKE MAGIC  
BECAUSE YOU

*Make Money With Your Own*

A Real Money-Maker For You... Because

FRIENDS AND RELATIVES WILL HELP

YOU SAVE, JUST TO SEE HOW IT WORKS!

You'll see those nickels and dimes rapidly add up to mighty dollar bills with this new Juke Box Bank that's a gay plastic reproduction of the tuneless Juke Box down at the corner soda fountain. Bring it out at parties or when company comes to call. The coins and currency will really pour in, because *everyone* wants to see it light up electrically and flash its bit of advice: "It's Wise to Be Thrifty"—to which we might add: it's *easy* to be thrifty when you have an attention-getting, fun-producing Juke Box Bank.

**SEND NO MONEY:** send only your name and address. Then pay postman only \$1.98 plus postage. Or send cash and we pay postage. If you are not delighted, return within 10 days for speedy, cheerful refund.

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept. IR 49

## JUKE BOX BANK



\$1.98  
Post Paid  
Complete With  
Battery & Bulb

Put Your Coins in  
Slot and Press-In!

JUKE BOX  
BLAZES WITH LIGHT  
AS IT FLASHES!

*It's Wise to Be Thrifty*

# 4 MOST FUN

I MAKE THE FIGURE  
8 THE HARD WAY.  
TWO 4'S !!!

AREN'T PAJAMAS  
JUST AS GOOD?

FURNITURE

YEAH-'N'  
THEY'RE CHEAPER  
TOO !!!

SALE  
BEDROOM  
SUITES  
\$157.  
10 DOWN

PREMIUM EXPRESS

MY DOG DOESN'T BITE—  
HE ONLY BARKS !!!

(OUCH) WELL, HE  
JUST BARKED MY  
SHINS !!!

TENANTS  
NOTICE  
PLEASE DON'T  
MAKE HOLES  
IN WALLS.

MUSCLE  
BUILDING  
IN  
5  
LESSONS

MILK HAMMER



*Nothing  
like it!*

# GET YOUR FREE MOVIE STAR PICTURES

**FREE!**

OH BOY! LOTS  
OF PICTURES  
IN NATURAL  
COLOR!

SEE THE SWELL  
PICTURES OF THE NEW  
SCHWINN BIKES, TOO!

FREE, TOO!  
JUST SEND THE  
COUPON!

LOOK! ROY ROGERS,  
BOB HOPE, BING CROSBY,  
JANIS PAIGE.....ALL THE  
FAMOUS MOVIE STARS!

JOIN THE FUN!  
SEND FOR YOURS  
TODAY!

Send for this NEW 1948  
FREE Movie Star Folder  
**TODAY!**

SEE color pictures—photographs taken in Hollywood—  
of your favorite movie stars riding their Schwinn-Built Bicycles.

Read what the famous movie stars—like Roy Rogers, Bing Crosby and many others say about these beautiful, easy pedaling bikes.

Pick out the bike you want from the pictures of the latest Schwinn models. See the exclusive features in detail. Write for free Movie Star Folder today.

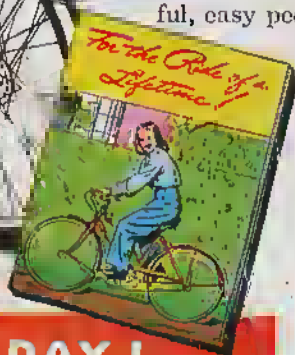
RIDE WITH THE STARS ON A  
*Schwinn-Built Bicycle*  
America's Finest Bicycle

Watch the gang gather 'round to admire your Schwinn-Built Bicycle. You'll be *king of the block* for sure because only Schwinn-Built Bicycles have such exclusive features as Automobile Type Expander Brakes, Knee-action Spring Forks, built-in, patented kickstands and built-in Fenderlights... It's features like these that make almost 4 out of 5 boys and girls prefer Schwinn-Built Bicycles over the next leading brand. Examine a Schwinn. See why America's favorite bicycle is *America's Finest Bicycle*.

**ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO.**  
1702-B N. Kildare Ave., Chicago 39, Illinois



Look for this Seal  
IT'S YOUR PROOF  
OF QUALITY



**FREE! MAIL TODAY!**

**ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO.**  
1702-B N. Kildare Ave., Chicago 39, Illinois

Please Send Me FREE Movie Star Folder.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

4 MOST V7 #4 MURPHY 7-8/1948

Comer L B COLE \*

Dick Cole " "

Edwin Bell - Gus Ricca

Jillins H. LAZARUS \*

CADET NINA \*

Lemke GREN " \*